

IN COLOURS: HOPPNER'S "PRINCESS SOPHIA."

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

1/



STATE EXPRESS

CIGARETTES

Made by Hand — One at a Time.

Sole Manufacturers: ARDATH TOBACCO CO., LTD., LONDON.

AUSTRALIA BY THE ORIENT LINE

Under Contract to carry His Majesty's Mails.

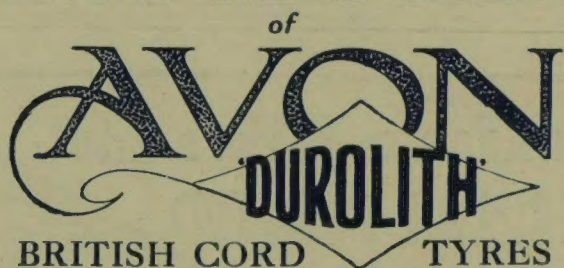
Calling at GIBRALTAR, TOULON, NAPLES,
PORT SAID, COLOMBO, FREMANTLE,
ADELAIDE, MELBOURNE, SYDNEY and
BRISBANE.

Through Tickets to NEW ZEALAND and TASMANIA.
Saloon Tickets interchangeable with other Lines.
HOLIDAY SEA TRIPS to Spain, Riviera and Italy.

	Tons.	London.	Toulon.	Naples.
ORMUZ	14,588	—	Aug. 24	Aug. 26
ORSOVA	12,036	Sept. 15	Sept. 21	Sept. 23
OMAR	11,103	Sept. 21	—	Sept. 29
ORMONDE	14,853	Oct. 13	Oct. 19	Oct. 21

Managers—ANDERSON, GREEN, & CO., LTD.,
Head Office: 5, Fenchurch Av., E.C.3. Branch Offices:
14, Cockspur St., S.W. 1; No. 1, Australia House, Strand

There's danger in smooth treads!
TRUST THE TRIPLE CHAIN-GRIP



BRITISH CORD TYRES

Combining safety and mileage in highest proportions.

GENUINE IRISH TWEEDS AND HOMESPUNS DIRECT AT LOW PRICES.

Hamilton's Irish Materials are made from pure new wool, and are the best value obtainable in outdoor clothing for men and women; give long wear and look smart. Supplied direct through the mails.

Sold in lengths or in garments tailored to measure by men tailors. Our simple self-measurement system ensures perfect fit: satisfaction and safe delivery guaranteed. Patterns and literature post free on request. Write Desk 18.

THE WHITE HOUSE,
PORTRUSH, NORTH IRELAND.
No Branches or Agencies.

*In direct Connection
with the platforms
of the Saint-Lazare
Station.*

GRAND HOTEL TERMINUS SAINT-LAZARE

The Most Central and best situated—500 bedrooms with bath or running water

Telegraphic Address: Terminus—Paris.

THE CREST IS THE MARK OF DISTINCTION.

CAVANDER'S



'Army Club'

CIGARETTES

In air-tight tins. 50 for 3/2
Sole Indian Agents:—PHIPSON & Co., Ltd., BOMBAY.

B.L.

GOLD LABEL
SCOTCH WHISKY

A whisky of fine character
for the occasions of old-
fashioned friendly hospitality.

*Pre-War Quality
& Strength: 25 u.p.*

*Price 25/-
per bottle.*

BULLOCH, LADE & COMPANY
GLASGOW

Sole Proprietor: Duncan MacLeod

LONDON

*The modern palatable
form of Iron Tonic.
Devoid of all the usual
drawbacks of Iron Tonics.*

Iron Jelloids

THE IRON 'JELLOID' CO., LTD., 189, CENTRAL ST., LONDON, ENG.

*Unequalled for Anæmia
and Weakness in Men,
Women and Children.
Of all Chemists, price 1/3
and 3/- per box.*

NEW YORK & SOUTH AMERICA

Regular Passenger Services to NEW YORK

from SOUTHAMPTON and CHERBOURG by the famous "O" Steamers.

SOUTH AMERICA

from SOUTHAMPTON by the "A" Steamers and from LIVERPOOL by the "O" and "D" Steamers.

TOURS ROUND SOUTH AMERICA.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY.

Atlantic House, Moorgate, E.C. 2, and America House, Cockspur Street, S.W. 1.

THE PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.

Goree, Water Street, Liverpool.

THE ROYAL MAIL AND PACIFIC LINES

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO 'THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS'

	U.K.	CANADA	ABROAD
12 Months (Incl. Xmas No.)	£2 18 9	£3 0 11	£3 8 3
6 Months.....	£1 8 2	£1 9 3	£1 11 5
(Including Xmas No.)	£1 10 7	£1 11 8	£1 13 10
3 Months.....	14 1	14 7	15 9
(Including Xmas No.)	18 6	17 0	18 2

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, in English money, by cheque, crossed "The National Provincial & Union Bank of England, Limited"; or by Post Office Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 172, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

LLOYD'S IN TUBES.

THE ORIGINAL EUXESIS

FOR EASY SHAVING.

Without the use of Soap, Water or Brush.

Put a Tube in your Kit Bag.

The Label of the ORIGINAL and GENUINE Euxesis is printed with Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow Ground, and bears this TRADE MARK

We bought the business with the recipe, trade mark, and goodwill from the Executors of the late A. S. Lloyd. The genuine is now manufactured ONLY at our Factory.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c.

Wholesale only:

R. HOVENDEN & SONS, LTD.,

Berners Street, W., and City Road, E.C.

Hindes HAIR TINT

Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over three-quarters of a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. It costs 2/6 the flask. Chemists and Stores everywhere, or direct by stating shade required to—

HINDES, Ltd., 1, Tabernacle Street, City, London.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/2 2/6 & 4/6.

J. Goddard & Sons, Station Street, Leicester

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR

a soothing refreshing, and emollient milk for the face, hands, and arms, warranted free from any leaden or metallic ingredients; it

REMOVES FRECKLES, SUNBURN,

tan, redness, and roughness of the skin, caused by the use of hard water; soothes prickly heat, stings of insects, etc.; keeps the

SKIN COOL & REFRESHED

during the heat of summer, and renders it soft, smooth, and delicate; bottles 2/6 and 5/-

Sold by Stores, Chemists, and

ROWLANDS

112, Guilford St., Gray's Inn Rd., London.

A business-like razor

is the Kropp—the most comfortable shaver ever known. Stiff, intractable beards and those which are little more than down are all the same to a Kropp, the razor that shaves without hesitation, and retains its super-keen edge for quite a long time.



KROPP ALL-BRITISH

Black Handle, 10/6. Ivory Handle, 18/-

Every Razor is packed in a Case.

From all Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, &c.

Send postcard for a copy of 'Shaver's Kit' Booklet No. 51.

Wholesale only: OSBORNE GARRETT & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.1.

C. Brandauer & Co.'s Ltd.

CIRCULAR POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS



C. BRANDAUER & CO'S LTD CIRCULAR POINTED PENS

These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 10s. 6d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 10s. 6d. in stamps direct to the Works, Birmingham

Attention is also drawn to their Patent Anti-Blotting Series

London Warehouse: 124, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.

No Other Variety Is of such Outstanding QUALITY

See "Lancet's" opinion, 27th July, 1907.

THE FINEST TOILET PAPER EVER PRODUCED.

Sold everywhere in Rolls, Packets, and Cartons.



PACKET ROLL

NOVIO TOILET PAPER

Why is NOVIO the most ECONOMICAL Toilet Paper? Because NOVIO ROLLS weigh 12 oz. each, and CONTAIN THREE OR FOUR TIMES MORE than the so-called cheap rolls made of common inferior paper.

ANTISEPTIC, THIN, SOFT, STRONG AND SILKY.

Wholesale only of the Sole Makers, Chadwick Works, 26, Grove Park, S.E. 5.

Cuticura

Clears The Scalp Of Dandruff

Treatment: On retiring gently rub Cuticura Ointment, with the end of the finger on spots of dandruff and itching. Next morning shampoo with a suds of Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse with tepid water. This treatment does much to keep the scalp clean and healthy and promote hair growth.



Soap 1s., Talcum 1s. 3d., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold everywhere. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, E.C. 1. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.



Health and Open Air

The Selborne Chalet is designed to give the health benefits of fresh air and sunshine combined with shelter from inclement weather. Delightful for rest, as a tea house or similar purpose, it is ideal for convalescents and those who need an abundance of fresh air. It revolves to face any direction, is sturdy, weatherproof and fitted with adjustable shade. Easily erected. Low in price.

Write for Catalogue No. 83, illustrating the above, also Motor Houses, Portable Buildings, etc. For Catalogue of Bungalows, ask for No. 104, also List of "Cottabunga," our world-famous cottage home.

Prospective customers are invited to view actual buildings erected at our works.

Browne & Lilly, Ltd.,

Manufacturers and Exporters,

THAMES SIDE, READING



"What Does Your Mirror Tell You?"

How many women looking in their mirror are really satisfied with their appearance?

If your skin is not perfectly healthy and glowing with beautiful colour the remedy is simple.

BEETHAM'S

La-rola

(as pre-war)

removes Redness, Roughness and Sunburn, and keeps the complexion as fresh and charming as the most critical could wish.

Use it regularly to nourish and improve the hands and arms.

From all Chemists, in bottles, 1/6.

PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives

THE BEAUTY SPOT!

Boxes 1/-

M. BEETHAM & SON

Cheltenham Spa,

ENGLAND.

BY APPOINTMENT

PEARLS

CARRINGTON & Co. Ltd

Court Jewellers

130, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

*Choicest Selection of
New and Secondhand*

PEARL NECKLACES AND ROPES

JEWELS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE

PEARLS



Mrs. A. Foster

Serious Nerve Trouble

**Remarkable statement by
Southend Lady, unable to
walk, and practically help-
less owing to spinal nerve
trouble.**

Mrs. Foster's Signed Statement :

In an unsolicited letter, Mrs. A. Foster, of 1, Wickgate Cottage, Southchurch, Southend, says : " I am very glad I took Dr. Cassell's Tablets, for I have recovered from a long illness and am now able to do my work as well as ever. An illness which I had seven years ago left me with spinal nerve trouble. I could not walk without help, and was taken about in a bath chair. I was soon able to get about alone after commencing with Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and now am as well as ever, and can do other people's work as well as my own. People marvel to see me walking about."

TAKE TWO AT BEDTIME,

and note how well you
sleep, and how re-
freshed and fit you feel
in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous	Anaemia
Breakdown	Palpitation
Neuritis	Kidney
Indigestion	Weakness
Sleeplessness	Children's
Neurasthenia	Weakness
Nerve Pains	Wasting
Headache	

Specially Valuable for Nursing
Mothers and during the Critical
Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's

Tablets

Home Prices 1/3 and 3/-
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for
Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

BY APPOINTMENT

Men's Jewellery

Diamond, Sap-
phire, Platinum
and Gold Scarf
Pin, £12 0 0

Diamond, Plati-
num and Gold
Scarf pin,
£9 0 0

Diamond and
Platinum Scarf
Pin,
£11 0 0

Diamond, Black
Onyx, Platinum
and Gold Scarf
Pin, £12 10 0

Diamond, Black Onyx and
Gold-mounted Links.
Per Pair £50 0 0

Black Onyx, Platinum and
Gold-mounted Links.
Per pair £11 0 0

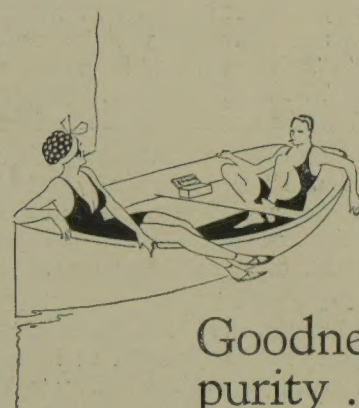
Mother of Pearl, Diamond,
Black Onyx, Platinum
and Gold Links.
Per pair, £15 10 0

An attractive selection of modern and distinctive
Jewellery for men is on view at the Showrooms
of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company,
112, Regent Street (their only address). A visit of
inspection is cordially invited. ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE SENT POST FREE ON
APPLICATION. Selections for approval.

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd

Jewellers and Silversmiths to H.M. the King
112, Regent Street, London, W. 1

G&S



Goodness and
purity

. . . . the choicest tobacco leaf
from Nature's finest crop—blended
to make for cool and even smoking
. . . friendly to the throat and enjoyable
to the palate . . . named—that all may
know how to ask for what is best

DeReszke

CIGARETTES

"The best blend—in the end"

T E N O R

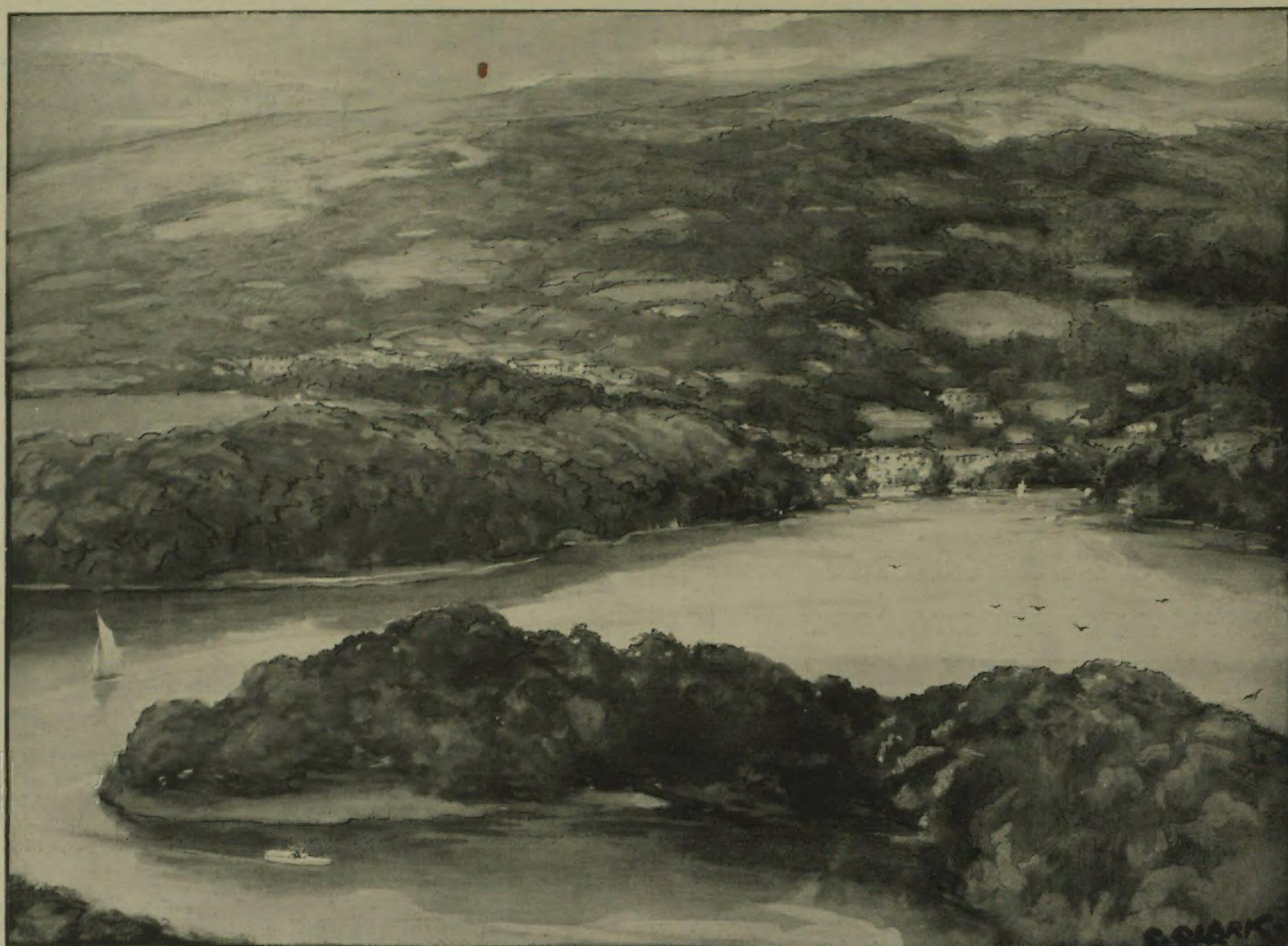
The good Turkish
Cigarette. In boxes
10 ... 1/3 1/2 50 ... 6/1
25 ... 3/2 100 ... 11/9

A M E R I C A N

The good Virginia
Cigarette. In boxes
10 ... 10d 50 ... 4/2
25 ... 2/1 100 ... 8/2



"De Reszke" Cigarettes are obtainable at all high-class
Tobacconists and Stores, or from
J. MILLHOFF & CO., LTD., 86 Piccadilly, London, W.1

The John Haig Famous Hostelry Series

*The Old England Lake Hotel,
Windermere.*

The "Flying Machine" of "Wordsworthshire."

WORDSWORTH, Coleridge and Southey, the "Lake School" of poets, have done much to enhance the fame of the English Lake District. But even they could not do full justice to that wonderful stretch of country that lovers of poetry now call "Wordsworthshire."

Present day visitors to Windermere may well be surprised to learn that wheeled traffic of any kind was a rarity in Wordsworth's day. The first coach to traverse the district was a fearsome vehicle drawn by six horses and known as "The Flying Machine." This coach had been on the road a scant four years when Wordsworth was born. The usual means of transportation for both goods and men was the pack-horse, and we know that the poet's sister rode pillion behind his affianced bride.

Excellent modern roads to-day replace the pack-horse trails, and the route of "The Flying Machine" is traversed by petrol-driven wheels. Headquarters for an endless series of excursions are found at the "Old England Lake Hotel," Windermere, for modernity has left unchanged the sylvan charms of dale and fell, of island-studded lake and unfathomed mountain tarn.

With all the poetic inspirations of Windermere, the matter of creature comforts to be obtained at the modern hotel need not be dismissed. Appreciation of beauty is only one part of the enjoyment of life. After tramping the fells or spinning over Cumbrian roads, pedestrians and motorists welcome the *original* John Haig, a fine old whisky favoured by seasoned travellers for nigh on 300 years. Men of discriminating taste appreciate the smooth and mellow qualities in John Haig that come from age and exceeding skilfulness of blending.

Dye Ken
John Haig?
 THE ORIGINAL
The Clubman's Whisky
 since 1627



By Appointment

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1923.

The Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Engravings and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.



ROYAL VISITORS ON THE MOORS AT GLAMIS: THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH THE DUCHESS OF YORK AND HER SISTER, LADY ROSE LEVESON-GOWER (LEFT), AND THE DUKE OF YORK FOLLOWING BEHIND.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York recently went to stay for a short time at Glamis Castle with the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, the parents of the Duchess. During their visit the two Princes enjoyed grouse-shooting on the moors. In the above photograph they are seen, with the Duchess of York and her sister, Lady Rose Leveson-Gower, at a shooting party which

took place on the afternoon of Saturday, August 18. Lady Rose, who is the second of Lord Strathmore's three daughters, married, in 1916, the Hon. William Spencer Leveson-Gower, brother of Earl Granville. The Prince of Wales has arranged to sail for Canada on September 5 to spend a holiday on his ranch in Alberta.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY THE "TIMES."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A BREAK of cooler weather has followed on extreme heat at the moment when these words are written. Of course, there may be a thunderstorm, a considerable fall of snow, a universal drought, an earthquake, or a plague of locusts long before they are printed. But for the moment, and to me personally, the return of a more refreshing air is like the return of an exile to his own country after travelling in the tropics. It is bad enough that London should suffer the ghastly sunshine of New York; but at least it matters less that those monstrous modern cities should have the heat as well as the smoke of volcanoes. It is worse for those who have not only returned from New York, but retired from London, and are still pursued by that heathenish and hostile sun as by a comet of doom. They reverse the sentiment of the Roman poet, *cælum non animam*. Mr. Kipling has rendered it, "They change their skies above them, but not their hearts who roam." But these others might be tempted to render it, "They change their souls within them, but not their skies who roam." Indeed, the unnatural atmosphere seems to run to the inversion of poetry. I myself was tempted to interchange the well-known words of Browning and say:

Oh, to be in April
Now that England's here.

Fortunately, April seems to have started again in the wrong place, after all; and that beautiful fact is alone enough to prove that England is here after all. Whatever other English wrongs there may be to right, we do still at least enjoy the English right to get all the seasons wrong. That happy and healthy spirit of surprise that inhabits our weather has been akin to all that is best in our literature and our life; to the liberty and the laughter and the wandering ways. Even the tropical heat is tolerable because it is not calculable. I will put up even with good weather, if I know it will soon be succeeded by bad.

It is rather like something that the Dean of St. Paul's said recently about political changes. I have sometimes ventured to differ from the Dean in these columns; so it is all the more agreeable to hail with joy one admirable remark he made; the most Christian remark I have ever known him to make. He said it was some comfort to reflect that every form of government is so bad that none of them is likely to last long. This may not appear at first a speech of hilarious hopefulness; but it contains the profound truth for the consolation of mankind; and if it is true of the tremendous changes in the world, it is even truer of the trivial changes in the weather. Of course, it cannot be applied word for word to the weather; but the cases are parallel in this sense: that there is more to be said than many people imagine for frequent changes of temperature, and even for frequent changes of government. Those who blaspheme the blessed and glorious English climate have not really tried, as a rule, the psychological experiences of a more steady climate. Americans have a much more steady climate; but they are a much less steady people. There is nothing like monotony for getting on the nerves; and the Americans are very nervy indeed. I am not sure whether I speak as an Englishman or merely as an egotist; but to me the summer heat seems unnatural even when it does not seem unpleasant. I do not think a thunderstorm unpleasant; I think it is great fun. I do not think a snowstorm unpleasant; I wish there were more of them. But I do think a thunderstorm or a snowstorm abnormal; and if either of them is agreeable, it is in being a sort of adventure. A man has a moment, what to speak, when he pauses on the threshold before going into

snow or storm; and I happen to have exactly that momentary feeling before going into the sun. I feel as if my house were besieged by the sun as by the snow, and that any exit had the character of a sortie. In other words, I feel the sun as an invader, and almost as a foreign invader. I feel as if we had been invaded by the American sky as well as the American sky-signs.

Nevertheless, there is something to be said for the sun. There is even something to be said for the Americans, and for their more excitable temper. It is doubtless a strange paradox that our fickle weather should make us stolid, and their fixed weather should make them jumpy. But there is a case for the Jumping Frog, which Mark Twain might have made a national symbol. There are two sides to every comparison; and it is curious to note that Americans do not always see the other side of the comparison when applied to their own case. For instance, the

Dante was a Dago, for instance, and is only one of any number of names suggesting that American fiction has not gone very deep into the psychology of Dagos. In this respect, indeed, the conventions of American popular fiction are rather amusing. The most villainous sort of villain is always made a Mexican or some sort of Southern American; and he is always a conspirator and almost always a coward. It does not seem to occur to the writers that even in this there is something of a confusion. There does not seem to be any particular reason why so singularly craven a character should select a walk of life in which he is perpetually running the risk of death. But it seems a perpetual surprise to the wicked Dago to discover that the life of a criminal is rather risky. He continually re-discovers, with refreshing innocence, the fact that people sometimes resist being murdered. The moment they resist he collapses into his native cowardice; but it never occurs to him to retire from a profession that seems rather unsuitable for a coward. He only arms himself anew with daggers and pistols, only to be disarmed anew by the first glance from the steely eyes of the United States gentleman who has trained and hardened himself for war by playing with other people's money in Wall Street.

But we have very little right to make fun, even of these foolish conventions of the American "best seller." For we talked with exactly the same fatuous contempt of the far more obvious historical value of the little Italian states. We also not only charged them with perpetually fighting, but at the same time treated all their fights as sham-fights. We also represented the Italian conspirator as conducting twenty dangerous trades and trembling at the first suggestion of danger. It is very absurd of the American romancers to represent their Latin neighbours as always rushing to kill each other and always running away from death. But it was far more absurd of the English historians, who were supposed to be more responsible than romancers, to write as if there had

been nothing but a hubbub of savage tribes under the Tower of Giotto, or the tombs of the Medici, and nothing but barbarous and heathen hatred in the city of St. Francis or the city of St. Catherine. And these historians, being in some sense philosophers, ought, above all, to have realised that they could not have it both ways, and could not blame men for a lust of military violence and a lack of all military valour. It is true that there is something in the English temper, much more than in the American temper, that is very remote indeed from this restless and rebellious spirit. These little republics, whether in Roman Europe or Latin America, have the very opposite vices and virtues to our own; but that is no reason why we should be so silly as to deny the virtues and misunderstand even the vices. I do not seriously suggest that the climate is the cause of the difference, though it may have contributed to it. Even a Marxian materialist would not be so mad as to suggest that a continuance of the hot weather would have turned all Englishmen into republicans. There is a great deal of cold weather in Italy; but I do not imagine that Signor Mussolini alters his political opinions according to the barometer. But it is very important to realise that native climates and national characters are alike in this respect, that they are not good or bad, but appropriate or inappropriate; and that the Italian fire does not make the English good-temper anything but good, any more than the green leaves of summer blaspheme the beauty of snow.



GONE TO CANADA ON A VISIT TO THE TORONTO SCOTS: A DETACHMENT OF FIFTY OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE LONDON SCOTTISH.

This detachment of the London Scottish left London on August 17 to visit their comrades, the Toronto Scots, in Canada, and sailed from Liverpool in the Canadian Pacific liner "Montrose." Towards the end of the war the two regiments were affiliated, and the visit to Canada was arranged in order to cement their association.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

greater vivacity of Americans does not always enlighten them about the yet greater vivacity of South Americans. They too often assume towards Latin America the same sort of wooden superiority that we too often assume towards them. I was reminded of this by two parallel courses of reading in which I indulged during the hot weather; and which were in a way rather quaintly symbolical of it, and of many other things. My first and most serious branch of study and research was concerned with cheap American magazines full of crime stories, or what they would call crook stories. My second and lighter occupation consisted of reading Sismondi's "History of the Italian Republics." Some might say that the history of the Italian Republics also consisted largely of crime stories or crook stories. But this is hardly an adequate appreciation of the little republics of southern Europe; and I doubt if it is an adequate appreciation of the little republics of South America.

The history of Italy would seem to suggest that republics can be very small and very restless, and very much given to revolutions and to wars with each other, and yet be more civilised than anybody else, and do more for civilisation than anybody else. All through the time when Italy was broken up by all the violence of war, she was manifestly leading the whole world in all the arts of peace. Americans have even been known to go all the way to Florence, and Rome, and Pisa to see what these Dagos could do in the way of building and painting and sculpture.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

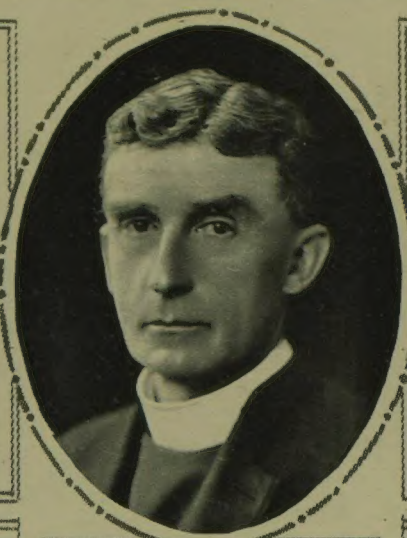
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCOTT, PHOTOPRESS, LAFAYETTE, ELLIOTT AND FRY, FARRINGTON PHOTO CO., L.N.A., HAY WRIGHTSON, WEST, AND WALTER STONEMAN, F.R.P.S. (CAMERA PORTRAIT OF LORD STERNDALE).



ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE
WESLEYAN CONFERENCE :
THE REV. AMOS BURNET.



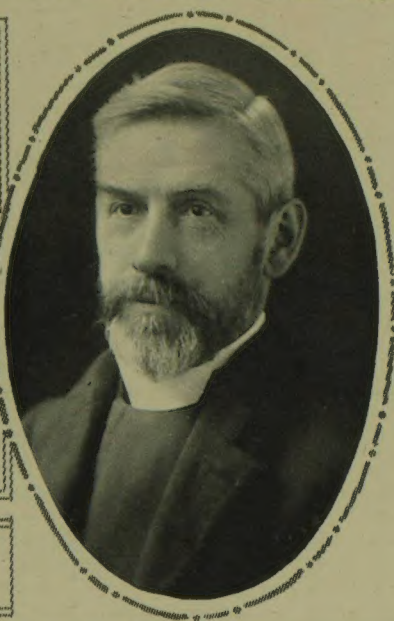
THE NEW BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL :
THE RIGHT REV. A. A. DAVID,
D.D.



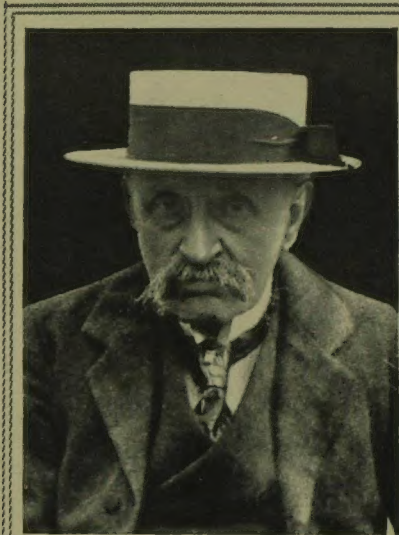
ENGAGED TO MISS EILEAN
GRAHAM : CAPTAIN DUDLEY
NORTH, R.N.



THE NEW BISHOP OF ST. EDMUNDS-
BURY AND IPSWICH : CANON W. G.
WHITTINGHAM.



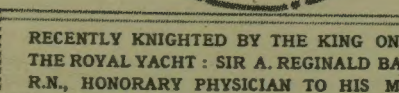
THE NEW BISHOP OF CHELMSFORD :
THE RIGHT REV. F. S. G. WARMAN, D.D.



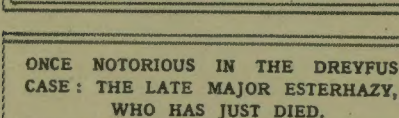
ONCE NOTORIOUS IN THE DREYFUS
CASE : THE LATE MAJOR ESTERHAZY,
WHO HAS JUST DIED.



RECENTLY KNIGHTED BY THE KING ON BOARD
THE ROYAL YACHT : SIR A. REGINALD BANKART,
R.N., HONORARY PHYSICIAN TO HIS MAJESTY.



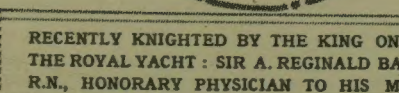
IN HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS : VIVIAN
DE VALERA ADDRESSING A REPUB-
LICAN ELECTION MEETING IN DUBLIN.



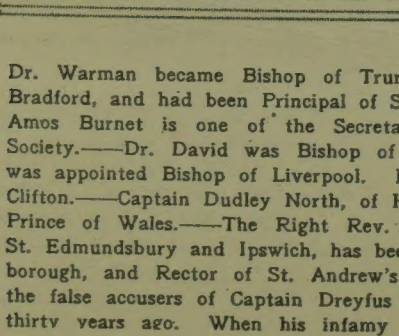
THE SON OF AN EXECUTED LEADER AT
THE REPUBLICAN MEETING IN DUBLIN :
YOUNG ERSKINE CHILDERS SPEAKING.



THE AGENT-GENERAL FOR VICTORIA,
WHOSE APPROACHING RETIREMENT
IS ANNOUNCED : MR. JOHN McWHAЕ.



THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS, WHO DIED RECENTLY IN HIS
SLEEP : THE LATE LORD STERNDALE (FORMERLY SIR WILLIAM
PICKFORD).



LORD OF THE MANOR OF BATTLE IN SUSSEX :
THE LATE SIR AUGUSTUS FREDERICK WEBSTER,
BT., WHO DIED RECENTLY.

Dr. Warman became Bishop of Truro in 1919. He was previously Vicar of Bradford, and had been Principal of St. Aidan's Theological College.—The Rev. Amos Burnet is one of the Secretaries of the Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Society.—Dr. David was Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich before he was appointed Bishop of Liverpool. He has been Headmaster of Rugby and of Clifton.—Captain Dudley North, of H.M.S. "Caledon," is Extra Equerry to the Prince of Wales.—The Right Rev. W. G. Whittingham, the new Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich, has been Archdeacon of Oakham, Canon of Peterborough, and Rector of St. Andrew's, Glaston.—Major Esterhazy was one of the false accusers of Captain Dreyfus in the famous French treason case nearly thirty years ago. When his infamy was exposed, Esterhazy fled from France

and lived at Harpenden as "Count Jean de Voilement." He died there recently.—The young sons of Mr. De Valera, the arrested Republican leader, and of the late Mr. Erskine Childers, who was executed as a rebel, spoke at a large Republican election meeting in Dublin on Sunday, August 19.—Mr. John McWhae became Agent-General for Victoria in London last year. He is to retire next July.—Sir Arthur Reginald Bankart, R.N., is Surgeon-Captain in the Royal Yacht "Victoria and Albert," and one of the King's Honorary Physicians. He served at Jutland.—Lord Sterndale, formerly known as Sir William Pickford, became Master of the Rolls in 1919. He was previously President of the Divorce Court. He was made a Judge in 1907, and a Lord Justice of Appeal in 1914.—Sir Augustus Webster, of Battle Abbey, succeeded, as eighth Baronet, in 1886.

WHERE THE QUEEN WENT TO VISIT PRINCESS MARY: GOLDSBOROUGH HALL AND ITS HISTORIC DISTRICT.

DRAWN BY
W. B. ROBINSON.



INCLUDING MEMORIES OF MOTHER SHIPTON, GUY FAWKES, CROMWELL, AND EUGENE ARAM: PLACES OF HISTORIC OR PICTURESQUE INTEREST NEAR GOLDSBOROUGH HALL.

On August 16 the Queen, accompanied by Prince George, went to stay at Goldsborough Hall with Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles. Goldsborough stands in a beautiful and historic district. Sir Richard Hutton, a Judge, built the present hall early in the seventeenth century, and one of its first uses was to house Parliamentary troops during the siege of Knarsborough. A few miles away is Marston Moor, the scene of the Royalist rout on July 2, 1644. When Lord Lascelles was contesting Keighley in 1913, he told a heckler that one of his ancestors had fought on the Parliamentary side. Goldsborough passed into the possession of the Lascelles family in 1760. At Knarsborough is the famous Dropping Well, whose waters fall from a limestone rock, the lime having a hardening effect on articles suspended there to be "petrified." Close by is Mother Shipton's Cave, so named from the tradition that she was born there

in 1486. Her maiden name was Ursula Southill, and she married Tobias Shipton. Princess Mary accepted as a wedding gift a copy of "The Witch of Knarsborough," by Miss Frances C. Knowles-Foster, F.R.G.S. St. Robert's Cave, an anchorite's cell two miles from Goldsborough, is famous from its association with the story of Eugene Aram, the schoolmaster-murderer, executed in 1759, the subject of Lord Lytton's novel and Housman's poem. Ripley Castle was the home of the Royalist Lady Ingilby who, compelled to receive a visit from Cromwell, watched him all night with pistols in her lap. The old cross at Aldbrough has stood in the Market Place for over 500 years. The giant oak at Cowlthorpe is reputed to be 1600 years old. At Scotton, four miles from Goldsborough, Guy Fawkes lived before the Gunpowder Plot. The Devil's Arrows, near Boroughbridge, are three huge monoliths.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.)

AT HOME AND ABROAD: CURRENT TOPICS AND INTERESTING OCCASIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL (SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL), HACKING (VANCOUVER), MADRAS PHOTO. BUREAU, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND L.N.A.



THE CAUSE OF CONGESTION AT ELLIS ISLAND: IMMIGRANT SHIPS IN NEW YORK HARBOUR WAITING TO LAND THEIR QUOTA OF IMMIGRANTS TO THE UNITED STATES.



ANXIOUS TO LEARN WHETHER THEY ARE INCLUDED IN THE ADMISSIBLE QUOTA: A CROWD OF PROSPECTIVE IMMIGRANTS TO THE UNITED STATES IN THE S.S. "FRANCONIA."



ORIENTAL STATE AND WESTERN METHODS OF LOCOMOTION: THE KING OF SIAM, BENEATH A LARGE UMBRELLA, ENTERING HIS MOTOR-CAR AT BANGKOK.

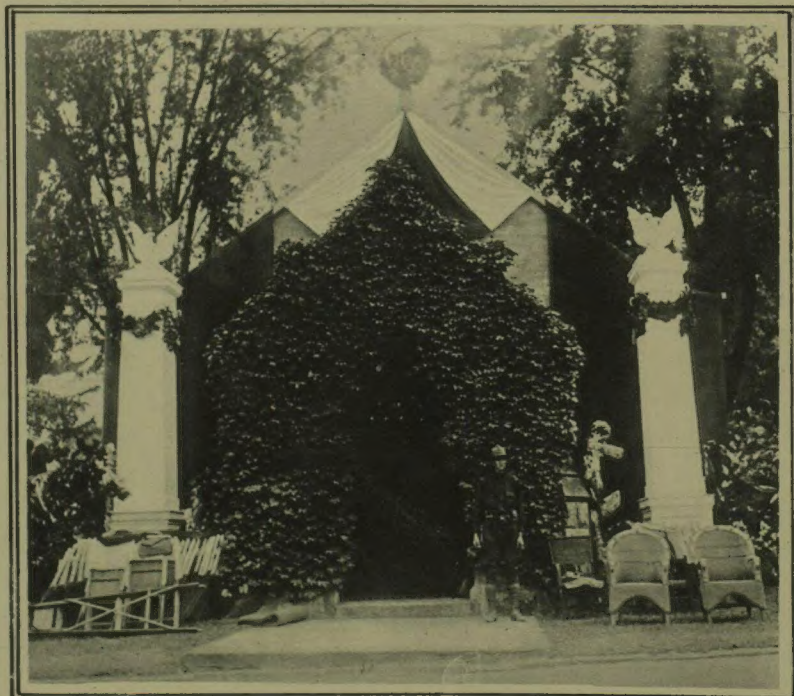


EPISCOPAL COSTUME IN INDIA: DR. FOSS WESTCOTT, BISHOP OF CALCUTTA, AND DR. E. H. M. WALLER, BISHOP OF MADRAS (RIGHT) AT AN OPEN-AIR MEETING IN MADRAS.



DOOMED TO BE SUBMERGED BY A NEW RESERVOIR FOR THE WATER-SUPPLY OF MANCHESTER: AN OLD CHURCH IN THE MARDALE VALLEY, NEAR HAWESWATER.

The report of Sir Auckland Geddes on Ellis Island, the New York immigration station, has drawn attention to what is a very difficult problem for the United States—the rush of prospective immigrants. They arrive in hundreds, but only a certain quota from each country is periodically admitted, and consequently there is a race of immigrant ships seeking to land their passengers in time for them to come within the prescribed number. Photographs of Ellis Island and of Sir Auckland Geddes visiting it are given on another page.—The King of Siam, Rama VI., is an Eastern ruler who has come under Western influences and adopted European customs. He was educated at Sandhurst and Oxford, and has pub-

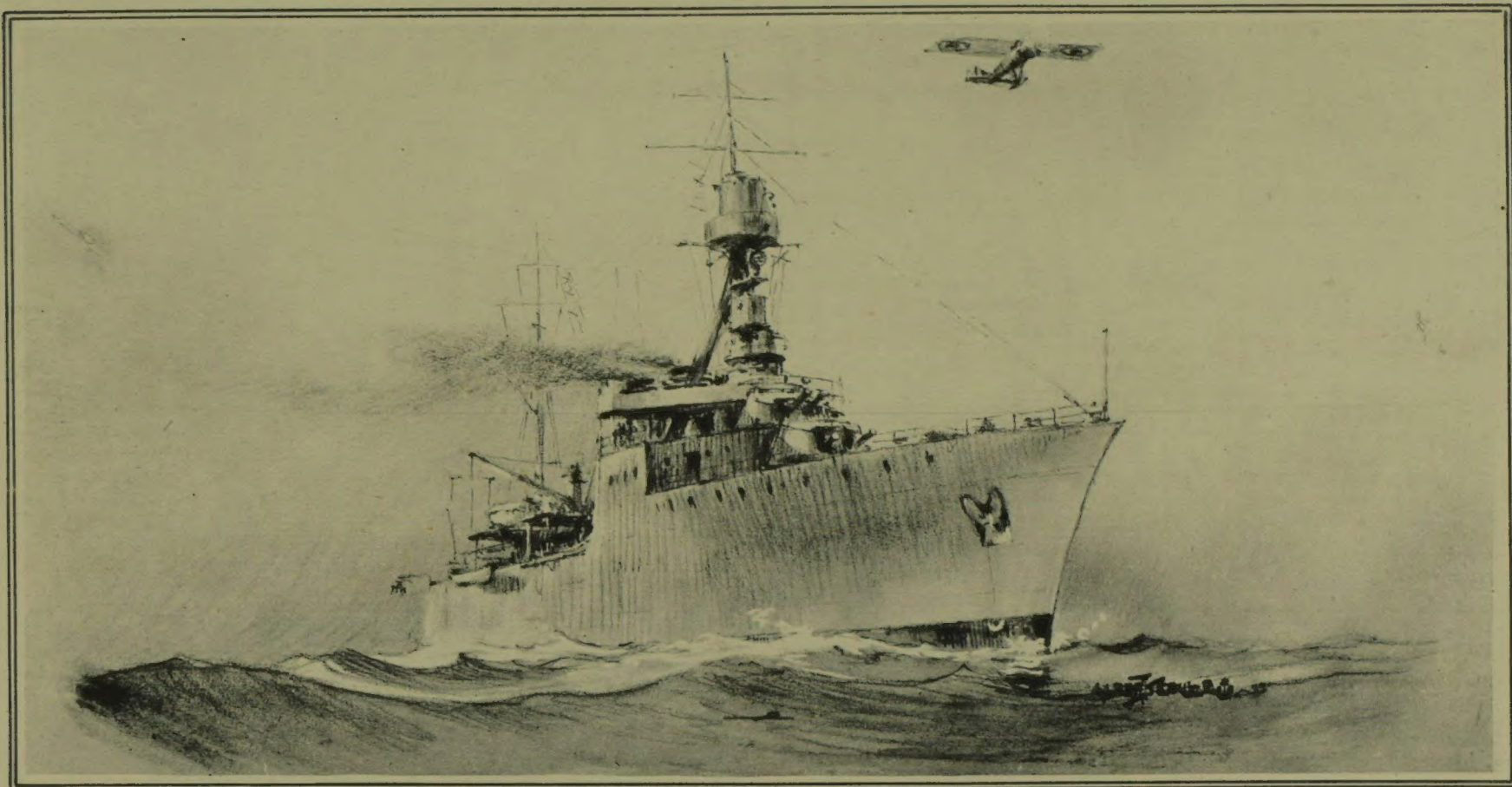


WHERE THE BODY OF PRESIDENT HARDING WAS LAID TO REST PENDING THE ERECTION OF A MAUSOLEUM: THE VAULT IN MARION CEMETERY, OHIO.

lished a book on "The War of the Polish Succession" and a translation of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" into Siamese.—Dr. Foss Westcott has been Bishop of Calcutta, and Metropolitan of India and Ceylon, since 1919. Dr. Waller, Bishop of Madras, was formerly Bishop of Tinnevely.—Mardale Valley and Haweswater Lake have been acquired from Lord Lonsdale by the Manchester Corporation Water Board. The lake level is to be raised 150 ft. by an embankment and dam, thereby submerging a church, a school, some farms, and an hotel.—As mentioned under our illustrations of President Harding's funeral elsewhere in this number, a mausoleum is to be built for him.

FRANCE AND THE AIR: A NEW CRUISER; AMBULANCE AEROPLANES.

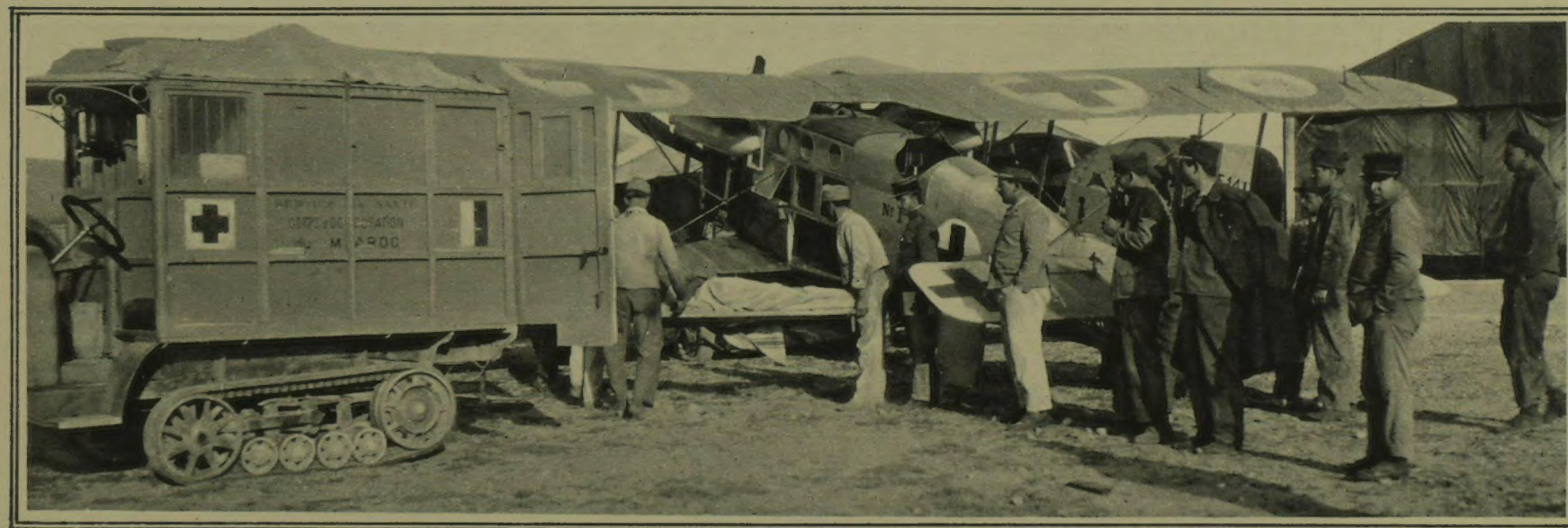
DRAWING BY ALBERT SEBILLE.



BUILT IN RECORD TIME FOR FRENCH NAVAL CONSTRUCTION, AND CARRYING TWO SCOUT SEAPLANES: THE NEW 8000-TON CRUISER, "DUGUAY-TROUIN," RECENTLY LAUNCHED AT BREST.



A NEW DEVELOPMENT IN FRENCH MILITARY AVIATION DURING THE MOROCCAN CAMPAIGN: A SQUADRON OF AMBULANCE AEROPLANES AT THE ENJIL CAMP READY TO CONVEY WOUNDED MEN TO FEZ OR MEKNÈS.



UP-TO-DATE FRENCH AMBULANCE EQUIPMENT: A SEVERELY WOUNDED MAN BROUGHT FROM THE BATTLEFIELD IN A "CATERPILLAR"-WHEELED MOTOR AMBULANCE, TRANSFERRED ON A STRETCHER TO AN AMBULANCE AEROPLANE FOR TRANSPORT TO FEZ.

The new French cruiser "Duguay-Trouin," launched at Brest on August 14, is one of three provided for in the French naval programme which is now being carried out. Her keel was laid down on August 4, 1922, and her completion in a year and ten days is a record for French naval construction. These cruisers have a displacement of 8000 tons and are heavily armed, carrying eight 155-mm. guns in four turrets, four 75-mm. anti-aircraft guns, and four torpedo projectors, each with three tubes. They also each carry two scout aeroplanes, launched by catapults.—Describing the French campaign in Morocco, a French writer says: "The chief aviation camp is at Enjil. It has rendered invaluable services, not

only in observation, but the transport of wounded. They are brought from the battlefield either on mule-back or in caterpillar-wheeled motor-ambulances, and are then entrusted to our ambulance aeroplanes, which convey them, under the best conditions of rapidity and comfort, to hospitals in the interior. After the fighting of June 9, 48 severely wounded men were thus transported by 13 aeroplanes and 2 motor-ambulances, in a few hours, from Bou-Khamoudj to Fez and Meknès. An ordinary convoy must have taken not less than 2½ days, if the patients could have stood so long and rough a journey. At Enjil itself there is a camp hospital."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

AUDIATUR—ET ALTERA PARS: A LIFE-DRAMA.

WITH some difficulty I groped my way through the darkness of the hall. It was not what we call pitch-dark, for footlights, half-way turned up, and a little chandelier flickering in a corner created a kind of doubtful dimness. It was like entering a mausoleum—before a funeral. In the stalls a few cleaners, polishing brass and sweeping the debris of last night's performance—a basketful of dust, ashes, and a motley crowd of chocolate and cigarette wrappers—shed a little life in the funereal stillness. For the four grave men in the centre row sat stock-still, blowing away clouds of cigarette smoke, and tightly holding their sheets of paper—the list of the victims ready to ascend the scaffold. For this was an audition, and in the hands of the four grave men trembled the balance of fate of seventeen anxious hearts—seventeen artists of more or less renown, or, as yet, none at all, summoned to show their worth and best, and to be weighed and valued as to their chances in the evening bill.

It is done every day in London, for it is the approved way of finding the material that compiles the programmes. But, oh! the kind cruelty of it. You are bidden for eleven a.m., but for aught you know, and fear, you may have to wait for hours before the stage manager beckons you to "turn on." When you come on in all the glory of war-paint, with nerves all a-tremble, with the bravado of despair, the stage is flooded in light, but beyond yawns a vastness, as if in a mist, and all the anxious eye discerns is the tribunal of the four grave men, indicated by the sign-posts of the white sheets in their hands, and the will-o'-the-wisp of their flickering cigarettes. If the "turn" is song or dance, a pianist is called upon to create the illusion of an orchestra. If it is conjuring, your "patter," so carefully prepared and studded with jokes designed to catch a laugh, is your sheet-anchor. But no one will laugh—the four grave men are sterner than the Judges on our Bench. If it is acrobats—they that live by blare of wind instruments, drum, and that breathlessness of an audience which reins in applause like an impatient steed—your own "bravos," "houp-làs," egging-on cries have to supply the enthusiasm that kindles the muscles.

On that day, the list was so long that the judges had to apply short shrift. And their gladiatorial way to show thumbs up or down was expressed in the two words: "Thank you!" The performer could hardly perceive the inner meaning of the utterance. When people are nervous, all sounds seem ghastly and fraught with ill-omen. But the careful observer, unseen,

soon learned the inflections of that "Thank you." Sometimes it fell dry and hard—in acknowledgment of mediocrity ("Nothing doing"); sometimes it cut the performer's final bow razor-like (condemnation—away!); sometimes it was a gentle drawl ("Your case is being considered"); sometimes it was "Thank you" (a small engagement looming in the distance); sometimes—only once that day—"Thank you," with unction on the "thank," as if to say—"At last a winner—a star!" But the poor victims knew none of these subtleties; they came, they shook like aspen leaves, some voices seemed to strand in the throat, some of the dancers halted for a second as if touched by a stroke, but all of them went valiantly on to the end, and then vanished—for evermore; or, if among the elect, to reappear anon in the full glare of the footlights. But nothing by word or deed indicated their fate. They packed up their things, they went away in the tremor of uncertainty, they could not foretell, nor even guess, the meaning of that "Thank you." A letter would tell—or vain waiting for the post.

I frankly admit that I sat there as woe-begone and as nervous as most of the aspirants, and that I

came away in sadness. It affected me as much, this trial of artists, as a murder case at the Old Bailey. For here, too, was the jury, and the Judge, in his "Thank you," carried a black cap as well as an acquittal. How many of these seekers of fame may have returned home with "death in their soul." The system may be equitable, but it is wrong. No artist can be at his best in close scrutiny, in darkness, in a charnel-house, soundless, and without a breath of atmosphere (and encouragement).

I do not urge that we should repeat the experiment of years ago, when the late Mr. Charles Morton—I believe it was he—threw open the doors of the Surrey Theatre to the clamouring music-hall profession, with a "Let 'em all come," for five minutes each. That was a terrible afternoon of four hours. A sad procession of all the lame and the halting, of all the old brigade that strove to be young, of

Some thirty years ago there was a young playwright in France who quietly achieved some successes at the smaller theatres without setting the Seine on fire. His work was pleasant, domesticated comedy, just the thing to amuse the good *bourgeois* for an evening. His name was Jules de Glouvet, and, as it had none of the flavour of a pseudonym, nobody seemed to care much about the identity of the author, who was sometimes heard, but never seen.

He might have gone on writing in this aloofness from the limelight, had he not found the good luck—some afterwards called it bad luck!—of having a play accepted at the Odéon, the second State Theatre of France. It was called "La Perdrix," and what they call over there a *four authentique*—"a dead frost"—and it scarcely outlived the three regulation performances which, according to the State Charter, must be given of any play accepted. Such casualties

are rare at the State-aided theatres, and the failure set pens in motion. Who was Jules de Glouvet? Where was he to be found? Did he really exist? asked a cartoonist over the picture of a partridge sitting on a "dud" egg. It was in the Dreyfus days, when all France was seething with anger and controversy, when the country was divided into hostile camps, the Dreyfusards and the anti-Dreyfusards, the latter in overwhelming majority, and so aggressive that for a time the *Figaro*, upholding Dreyfus's case, was banished from all "so-called respectable houses." As a French *châtelaine* said to my late mother, who was her guest, when she saw the *Figaro* arriving by post: "Please, *chère amie*, do not allow this poisonous sheet to infect my house!"

Now, among the fierce opponents of Dreyfus, the Crown Prosecutor was the fiercest. A powerful advocate, he had already made his name by asking for, and obtaining, the head of Eyraud, the sad hero of the Gouffé trunk murder; of Ravachol, the bomb-thrower; and other criminals, against whom his case for the prosecution was only equalled in deadliness by the *mort sans phrase* of Philippe Égalité.

The name of this redoubtable advocate was Quesnay de Beaurepaire, and, whenever in doubt as to the issue of a case, the authorities confided the prosecution to him. His was the power to lead juries, and even judges, so he was the right man to stamp out, if possible, the Dreyfus brood, and relentlessly was he in his pursuit as Public Prosecutor. But, unfortunately for him, the Dreyfus Press, ever on the alert to buttress their still somewhat

feeble cause, made a discovery. They found that Jules de Glouvet, the unfortunate author of the dead "Perdrix," was no other than Quesnay de Beaurepaire. That roused an Indian war-dance in the camp. The dreaded Prosecutor a "fallen" playwright; what fun! What sport, what a game! They knew that in France nothing kills like ridicule, so the poets and the lampooners, the satirists and the cartoonists, joined hands to make fun of the redoubtable dualist, and they succeeded so well that everywhere, except in official quarters, Quesnay de Beaurepaire became the laughing-stock, and his "perdrix" a sacred bird of the Dreyfusards. After that, one heard no more of Jules de Glouvet, and when, at length, the light of truth began to dawn on the martyrdom of Dreyfus, the powerful Prosecutor, at variance with the other judges, who were awakened to justice, retired, still convinced of the guilt of his quarry.

He lived in oblivion to the age of eighty-nine, and died a few days ago in an almshouse. Dreyfus is still alive, and the Legion of Honour glitters on his breast.



A PIANIST AT HARROGATE CONCERTS:
MR. EVELYN HOWARD-JONES.



AN ENGLISH TENOR AT HARROGATE:
MR. FRANK TITTERTON.



COMPOSER OF A SYMPHONY PLAYED AT
HARROGATE: MR. ALICK MACLEAN.



PLAYING IN THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS AT
HARROGATE: MISS DAISY KENNEDY, THE
AUSTRALIAN VIOLINIST.



A PIANIST PLAYING AT HARROGATE:
MR. WALTER RUMMEL.

Among the many attractions of Harrogate, both as a Spa and a holiday resort, are the excellent symphony concerts organised by Mr. Howard Carr, the Musical Director of the Royal Hall. Above are portraits of some of the leading musicians taking part in the concerts. Mr. Alick Maclean, who is conductor of the Queen's Hall Light Orchestra, composed a special symphonic work for the Harrogate Orchestra.—[Photographs by Walter Davey and Sons, Harrogate.]

all the relics and the remnants of bygone ages. It was as painful as the exodus of the Lourdes train at the P.L.M. station in Paris. But at least there was life in the theatre, there was the desire to encourage, to lend a hand; and the experiment was not wholly barren. Six of the bunch jubilantly came away with promise of contracts in their pockets.

If I were a leader of a music-hall, I would follow the good example of the kinema, and invite an interested crowd—there are thousands of people with time on their hands—to enliven these auditions, to make them worth living for. The applause, the enthusiasm—or the aloofness—of these hearers would be of great help to the judges. In the *vox populi* they would discover the chances of the performer in the regular bill. It is a simple affair, and costs but cards and postage, but the profession will bless it as a remedy to the dead-and-alive ordeal of the present audition. For there it will not only be a case of *audiatur*—by the judges only—but also of the *altera pars* by a jury of all sorts and conditions of men who are the mainstay of the Variety World.

THE BURIAL OF PRESIDENT HARDING: LAST RITES AT HIS HOME TOWN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO. AND P. AND A., SUPPLIED BY C.N.



WHERE A LAST SALUTE OF 21 GUNS WAS FIRED: THE MOTOR-HEARSE CONTAINING THE BODY OF THE DEAD PRESIDENT ENTERING THE GATES OF THE CEMETERY AT MARION.



DRAPED IN THE AMERICAN FLAG: THE COFFIN CONTAINING THE BODY OF PRESIDENT HARDING BEING CARRIED BY THE BEARERS INTO HIS FATHER'S HOUSE AT MARION, FOR PRIVATE MOURNING BY THE FAMILY.

The last rites for President Harding at his home town of Marion, Ohio, were marked by a quiet simplicity that contrasted with the State ceremonies at Washington. The funeral at Marion was rather that of a beloved fellow-townsmen than of a statesman, and President Coolidge, with ex-President Taft, attended it more as friends than as officials. Among other mourners were Mr. Harding's former camping companions, Mr. Edison and Mr. Ford. The coffin was brought to Marion by train, and was then conveyed in a motor-hearse to the home of the late President's father. After it had been carried inside, strict privacy

was maintained in the house for several hours while the family were alone with their dead. The townspeople were then admitted for a last farewell, and the coffin was borne in procession to the cemetery, where a service was held, and Mr. Harding's favourite hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," was sung. As the funeral procession entered the gates of the cemetery, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. The coffin was laid in a vault, to remain there pending the erection of a mausoleum on a neighbouring hill known as Indian Mound, where Mr. Harding was fond of taking walks.

AMERICA MOURNS FROM SEA TO SEA: THE DEAD PRESIDENT'S

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, P. AND A., INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL, AND UNDERWOOD



THE BLACK-DRAPED TRAIN BEARING THE BODY ACROSS THE CONTINENT FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO WASHINGTON: PASSING THROUGH CONNELLSVILLE, PA.—A TYPICAL SCENE *EN ROUTE*.



THE GREAT FUNERAL PROCESSION IN WASHINGTON: ESCORTED THE COFFIN TO THE CAPITOL.

3000-MILE FUNERAL JOURNEY; WASHINGTON CEREMONIES.

AND UNDERWOOD. SUPPLIED BY L.N.A., C.N., TOPICAL, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



A BRIGADE OF UNITED STATES ARTILLERYMEN, WHO MARCHING ALONG PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.



COVERED WITH THE AMERICAN FLAG AND BORNE ON A BLACK-DRAPED GUN-CARRIAGE: THE COFFIN CONTAINING THE BODY OF THE LATE PRESIDENT PASSING DOWN PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE ON ITS WAY TO THE CAPITOL IN WASHINGTON.



THE LYING-IN-STATE AT WASHINGTON: THE COFFIN IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE UNITED STATES CAPITOL, WHERE A LONG PROCESSION OF THE PUBLIC FILED PAST IT.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE COFFIN AT THE CAPITOL: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE, TAKEN FROM THE DOME.



THE PRESIDENT'S FLAG CARRIED BY A MEMBER OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS: A FIGURE IN THE PROCESSION.



WHERE THE LATE PRESIDENT USED TO WORSHIP: HIS EMPTY PEW IN THE CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH AT WASHINGTON, DRAPED IN BLACK AND FILLED WITH FLOWERS.

Never, probably, has any dead statesman had a longer or more impressive journey to the grave than President Harding. From San Francisco, where he died, the black-draped funeral train carried the coffin for 3000 miles across the continent, over mountains, deserts, and wide prairies. At every centre of population, large or small, through which the train passed, people gathered along the line to pay a last tribute to the man whose upright and kindly character had so endeared him to the nation. The coffin was carried in the last car of the train, covered with the flag and decked with flowers, and was plainly visible from outside, with the soldiers and sailors on guard beside it. The President's widow travelled in a compartment of the same car. The train left San Francisco on Friday, August 3, and arrived in Washington at 11 p.m. on Tuesday, August 7. From the station the coffin was conveyed on a gun-

carrion to the White House, where the midnight scene of its arrival was deeply impressive. On the following day there was a great procession through the city to the Capitol, with an escort of soldiers and marines under General Pershing. The coffin was carried into the Rotunda, under the dome, where a funeral service was held, and members of the Calvary Baptist Church, where Mr. Harding used to worship, sang one of his favourite hymns, "Lead, Kindly Light." All the afternoon an immense procession of the public filed past the bier to pay a farewell tribute. At five o'clock the coffin was taken to the station and conveyed by special train to the late President's home town, Marion, Ohio, where the last rites took place on August 10, as illustrated on a previous page in this number. At 5 p.m. on that day, the hour of burial, a two-minutes' Silence was observed throughout the United States.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE LIFE HISTORY OF THE MAY-FLY.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THERE can be no doubt about the surprising achievements of cinematography during recent years, and Mr. E. Edwards has succeeded in filming the life-history of the May-fly, which is no mean feat. It was my privilege a few days ago to see this film, which is presently to be given to the public by the British Instructional Films Company.

Mr. Edwards, in the spirit of the true naturalist, scorned difficulties and discomfort, spending, this

also increase in size and complexity. After the fourth moult they are provided with air-tubes, or "trachæ," the more efficiently to serve their purpose as breathing organs. By their incessant "fanning" movements they ensure a constant supply of fresh water to the delicate blood-vessels which traverse their walls. Altogether, as many as twenty moults may take place before the emergence of the adult fly. These are spread over two seasons, the moults during the winter months taking place at longer intervals than those of the summer.

As growth proceeds, Mr. Edwards remarks, the larvæ make their way from the deeper water to the shallower sides of the stream, probably because the air supply is richer, and this more than compensates for the increased danger from enemies. It may just as well, however, afford a better chance of escape from the larger fish, which at all times greedily devour such luscious morsels, as the fishermen well know.

Not until after the ninth or tenth moult do the rudiments of the wings appear. The three long filaments which form such a conspicuous "tail" of the nymph stage are known as the "caudal setæ." They form respiratory organs of a kind that is almost without parallel among insects. They are supplied by blood-vessels so arranged as to drive the blood backwards into the minute setæ—the hair-like fringe which runs down each of the three filaments. Within the setæ the blood is brought into close contact with the life-giving oxygen suspended in the water.

I shall not soon forget the sense of delightful surprise which possessed me as I watched these larvæ on the film at the studio at Boreham Wood, where the film was made. But the most thrilling—I had almost said uncanny—sight of all was to see the passage from the nymph to the sub-imago, and the further extraordinary transformation from the sub-imago to the imago. I knew Sir John Lubbock's (Lord Avebury's) account, and I had listened with interest to the slightly different version given me by Mr. Edwards, but the actual succession of events as they passed before my astonished eyes left me speechless!

One by one the fanning of the gills slowed down and ceased. As the last pair stopped the creature turned over on its back and lay there as though dead. Suddenly it leaped, as it were, back into life, writhing about on the gravel. Then, with a few undulatory movements, it began to rise to the surface. But out of the rising body there suddenly appeared, as though ejected from its head, a new body. At the very moment the surface was reached this new body spread its wings, as if to fly away. But it was held a momentary prisoner, anchored to its old shell by the tips of its long tail filaments.

Freedom is gained only by strenuous effort. Nature seems to have allowed no more than five seconds for this effort; by the expiration of that time the winners are free, the rest fall back exhausted, and are snapped up by hungry trout!

All this takes long in the telling. But the events follow one another with bewildering speed. The change, from the moment the nymph starts its preliminary wriggling movements at the bottom of the stream, to the emergence of the winged sub-imago takes no more than five seconds. Another five are

taken to get finally free from the old shell. No wonder that a ceaseless vigil has to be kept upon the larvæ in their final stages, for there are no premonitory signs to give warning that the critical moments are at hand.

Such of these "sub-imagos" as get free—and they are but a small proportion—make for the nearest convenient perch and there rest from twelve to twenty-four hours. Then, thrusting the first pair of legs into the air like a pair of antennæ, a series of wriggling movements begins, and presently the skin of the back splits; then the head and forelegs, and next the wings, are withdrawn; finally, the tail-filaments are released. The imago stage has been reached at last. After a brief space the wings harden, and assume a gauzy sheen, ready for that wonderful aerial marriage-flight which is to be the end of all things. By the end of the day it has gone the way of all flesh!

One further point remains to be mentioned in this remarkable story. The life of the imago lasts but a



THE EMERGING FLY (LEFT END) AND NYMPH-CASE (RIGHT END).

The moment it reaches the surface of the water it is almost clear of the larval skin, which is seen behind the fly.

spring, whole days waist-deep in water, studying the ways of May-fly larvæ in a Hertfordshire stream. Some of these larvæ he made captive, for the purpose of training on them a camera, so as to be ready, at any moment, to record the manner of their movements, and more especially of their changes from larva to adult. These, it is to be noted, occur without any warning, and are effected in the course of from three to five seconds! His watch, therefore, had to be one of ceaseless vigilance, extending from May to July, before the final stages were completed.

Though the study of the life-history of the May-fly began with the old Dutch naturalist, Swammerdam (1670), and was continued by Reaumur, Aldrovaldus, Clutius, and others, up to the time of Lubbock, never till now has it been possible to demonstrate the manner



THE BIRTH OF THE MAY-FLY: THE COMPLETE IMAGO (RIGHT) JUST EMERGED FROM THE NOW EMPTY SKIN (CAST) OF THE SUB-IMAGO (LEFT).

of the changes they described. The "fly-fisherman" will be no less delighted with these wonderful pictures, which have the further merit of throwing new light on many aspects of this strange story.

It begins with the laying of the already fertilised eggs, which the female drops as she dances over the water. From their disc-like shape they spread outwards as they sink to the bottom of the stream. How long they lie before hatching is not definitely known. But the larva, on emerging, is a tiny, long-bodied creature, with six legs and three long tail-filaments which serve, probably, as breathing organs.

They certainly do later on. After the third moult, small, plate-like structures appear on the back of the abdomen, and these, with each successive moult, increase in number, up to six or seven pairs. They



SHOWING THE GILLS (CENTRE) AND TAIL-FILAMENTS (RIGHT): THE NYMPH OF THE MAY-FLY (*EPHEMERA VULGATA*) ABOUT TO EMERGE.

The photograph shows the feathery "gills," or breathing organs, and the dark wing-case at the back of the thorax. Although the wing-case is quite small, the wings are full-size when the sub-imago emerges. Film Photographs by Mr. E. Edwards, for the British Instructional Films Co.

few hours, therefore food is not necessary. Accordingly, no more than a vestige of a mouth remains, and this for a very strange purpose. The stomach, now greatly enlarged, takes on a new function, becoming distended by air, drawn in through the remnant of the mouth, so that the body becomes distended like a balloon, partly, apparently, as an aid to flight, and partly to assist the reproductive organs to fulfil their functions. Finally, the eyes of the male, at this stage,



FROM SUB-IMAGO TO IMAGO: THE EMERGING FLY (RIGHT) AND THE OLD WINGS (LEFT)

The imago is here seen emerging from the sub-imago stage. The old wings are seen on the left, and the new gauzy ones just appearing.

are relatively of enormous size. By this token we may distinguish the sexes.

The public at large will see in this film something to wonder at. The man of science will regard it as a precious record, to which he can turn again and again to test his observations on the living insect.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

THE SEASIDE FROM THE AIR: DEAL AND ITS 16TH CENTURY CASTLE.

SPECIALY PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY AEROFILMS, LTD., HENDON.

FORMERLY
NOTORIOUS FOR
SMUGGLING, AND
NOW NOTED
FOR FINE
LIFEBOAT
WORK AND
POPULAR AS A
HOLIDAY
RESORT: DEAL—
THE PIER AND
SEA FRONT,
FROM AN
AEROPLANE.



ONE OF THE
COAST
STRONGHOLDS
BUILT BY
HENRY VIII.
AS A SAFEGUARD
AGAINST
INVASION:
DEAL CASTLE
AS SEEN FROM
AN AEROPLANE—
SHOWING
ANOTHER PART
OF THE TOWN
AND THE SHORE.

We continue here, and on the succeeding double-page, the series of air-views of Kentish seaside resorts in holiday time begun in our last number, where we illustrated Folkestone, St. Margaret's, and Walmer Castle. The photographs were taken specially for this paper, from an aeroplane. They will doubtless interest many of our readers who are familiar with the terrestrial aspect of the various places. Deal, which is one of the Cinque Ports, is a picturesque old town. In former days it was notorious for smuggling, but now it has a more honourable

reputation for the splendid work of its lifeboatmen in going to the help of ships wrecked on the Goodwin Sands. A new pier was constructed in 1864, the previous one, made in 1838, having been swept away in a gale. The castle is one of the numerous coast defences built by Henry VIII. in the sixteenth century, when he was anticipating invasion. He built castles also at Dover, Walmer, Sandown, Sandwich, and along each bank of the Thames. Deal Castle, though imposing in appearance, has no subsequent history of great importance.

THE SEASIDE FROM THE AIR: A GOLFER'S PARADISE; A HAUNT OF DICKENS; AN IMITATION "NORMAN" CASTLE.

SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY AEROFILMS, LTD., HENDON.

AN AIRMAN'S VIEW OF A FAMOUS GOLF COURSE, WHERE CHAMPIONSHIPS HAVE BEEN PLAYED: THE LINKS AT SANDWICH, WITH THEIR TRUE SEASIDE TURF AND NATURAL SAND BUNKERS.



WHERE DICKENS STAYED FIFTEEN TIMES AND THE ORIGINAL OF BETSEY TROTWOOD LIVED: BROADSTAIRS FROM THE AIR—SHOWING BLEAK HOUSE, ON THE CLIFF IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND, AND THE PIER.



"ONE OF THE EARLIEST OF THE SEASIDE WATERING-PLACES, WHEN THE NOTION OF SEA-BATHING TOOK ROOT IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY": RAMSGATE BEACH AND HARBOUR, FROM THE AIR.

BUILT, IN THE NORMAN STYLE, BY THE FIRST LORD HOLLAND, FATHER OF CHARLES JAMES FOX, THE FAMOUS STATESMAN: KINGSGATE CASTLE, NEAR THE NORTH FORELAND—AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.



Sandwich, once a great port, but now high and dry inland, has many historic associations, but in recent times it has acquired another sort of fame from the excellence of its golf-links, which have been the scene of several championships. Golfers will be interested to study the geography of the course as it presents itself to an airman. Broadstairs was a favourite resort of Charles Dickens, who stayed there not less than fifteen times. "During his first visit, in 1837," writes Mr. Arthur D. Lewis, in "The Kent Coast" (Fisher Unwin), "he stayed at No. 12, High Street; the house, which stood where the present No. 31 is, has been pulled down. . . . Dickens's residences are spotted about over Broadstairs. . . . in the view of this corner of the place (near the pier) the most prominent object—a castellated brick house—is a modernised, enlarged version of Fort House, in which Dickens lived. It is now called Bleak House. . . . His last visits were in

1851 and 1859. . . . Fort House has really no connection with the Bleak House of the novel, except that part of the novel was written here. . . . The original of Betsey Trotwood lived, it is said, in 1849, at Dickens House, a few doors from the 'Albion.' . . . Of Ramsgate, the same writer says that "It was the fierce gale of 1748 that led to a petition for a harbour to be constructed at Ramsgate. . . . Like Margate, Ramsgate rose to fame as one of the earliest of the seaside watering-places, when the notion of sea-bathing took root in the eighteenth century. Horace Walpole mentions it in a letter written in 1790." Kingsgate Castle, in spite of its feudal appearance, dates only from the eighteenth century. It was one of several buildings erected by the first Lord Holland, and was designed in Norman style. Walpole writes, in a letter of 1794: "You say nothing of Kingsgate, where Charles Fox's father scattered buildings of all sorts."

TOWARDS WORLD UNITY?

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

The distinguished Italian philosophical historian; author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here the monthly series (began in our issue of July 21) of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

THERE was never a time when the struggle between optimism and pessimism—between the worshippers of Ormuzd and of Ahriman—was more fierce. Where are we going? Do our footsteps lead to the summits or to the abysses? What is really happening at the present terrible historical moment? Is the world returning to a primitive state of chaos, or is a miraculous transformation being prepared for us?

For those who worship Ahriman there are indeed abundant sinister signs. The world to-day is dominated by two sentiments: Hatred and Fear. Contingents, peoples, states, and social classes hate each other alike, because they are afraid of one another. Humanity is the slave of terror, which it created itself, in order to nourish its rancour.

Never have Italians, French, English, Germans, Slavs, Greeks, Turks, Chinamen, Japanese, Christians, and Mohammedans eyed each other so distrustfully. It appears that having fought on the same side constitutes as strong a reason for the peoples to hate one another as it does for those who fought on opposite sides.

Each country considers itself the victim of its neighbour. For the first time in the world's history, a formidable accumulation of debts and credits has been added to the other reasons which up till now have divided the peoples—namely, ambition, religion, manners, and colour. The world appears to have become a commercial court, without judges or officers. The nations that have nothing but debts curse the countries who are creditors, calling them the Shylocks of humanity; the nations who are creditors in their turn curse those nations who are debtors as the greatest swindlers in history; the nations who are at once debtors and creditors curse the debtors who do not pay, and the creditors who wish to be paid.

There has never been so much money in the world, and the world has never felt so miserable. The goods of this world have never been so capriciously divided for the torment of rich and poor alike, for the fortunate and unfortunate. There are at the same time nations suffocated with abundance, and others dying of hunger. On the one side there are men despairing at their incapacity to buy, and on the other those who despair at being unable to sell. The price of corn has gone down, and famine is ravaging Russia!

Everywhere the rich tremble—not knowing in what their true riches consist. No state and no continent is any longer sure of the maintenance of its laws and institutions. The solidity of the whole universe is threatened, for that which formerly was considered as indestructible as granite has now proved, not once, but several times, to be liable to crumble away like sand.

The new phenomenon of the world's insomnia—unique in history—has begun. Rich and poor, wise and foolish, peasants and town-dwellers, conquerors and vanquished, rulers and ruled—all alike are out of sorts and unhappy. Half Europe is in ruins; Asia is vacillating; America, Africa, and Australia are in agony, and interrogate the future anxiously.

Empires crumble, kings are in exile, those who obey desire to command. Not only the yellow races, but even the black people demand to be recognised and treated like the sons of God, and to be put on an equality with the other members of the human family. All nations and all classes appeal to Right and Justice, as if they all spoke the same language, but no one understands the others.

To-day, if ever, Babel is a living reality—gigantic, terrifying. So speaks Ahriman—the spirit of pessimism. And yet. . . . Let us listen now to Ormuzd—the god of good, the spirit of optimism.

Five centuries ago, man was not yet acquainted with the planet which God had assigned to him on which to live. He did not know how big it was, nor what shape it had, nor how it was inhabited. The numerous and varied branches of the human family lived isolated, each for itself. The oceans were still wild, eternal solitudes on which no human eye had ever looked. Humanity was ignorant of itself.

The Europeans began in the fourteenth century that methodical exploration of the planet which was to end in the nineteenth century. By degrees the peoples, races, religions, civilisations, and continents learnt to know each other; humanity, so to speak, found itself, and the world conquered by man was unified. The conquest and unification of the world proceeded slowly during three centuries; but the pace was accelerated in the course of the eighteenth century, as gradually Fire, the ancient, humble, domestic slave of man, became the all-powerful master of the world. Man could boast towards the end of the nineteenth century that he knew and virtually possessed the whole world. Railway and telegraphic lines form to-day the nerves of that great, united body.

The task at which, without knowing it, humanity has toiled for more than four centuries, with ever-

unexpected fusions. Ought we not to see in the horrible disorder of our epoch the supreme accomplishment of that mysterious law which for four centuries has regulated the existence of the world? It is true that we have taken part in the greatest historical catastrophe which the world has ever known; one must be blind to deny it. But it is also true that the human race has never felt itself to be so completely one body and one spirit, in hate and in love, as it did during the most awful war by which the world has ever been torn. Never could humanity have exclaimed with more truth than during the last war: "It is myself that I am injuring; I am my own most pitiless enemy."

Observe how inextricably intertwined are the interests of humanity at war with itself. Were not all the monarchies enfeebled by the fall of the Romanoffs, the Hapsburgs, and the Hohenzollerns? Are not all the democracies disturbed by the military dictatorships which have been set up in certain countries on the ruins caused by the war?

The war has intermingled races and peoples. Americans, Australians, Japanese, Hindus, Egyptians, Senegalese, Moroccans—came in their millions to fight in Europe. As a consequence of this, the directing élite of their countries came into contact with Europe. We are now beginning to see what those multitudes of combatants and those elect spirits left behind them, and what they carried home from all their travels and their contact with Europe. Already before the war Europe was becoming Americanised and America was becoming Europeanised. What an impetus the war gave to that double movement! Asia hates Europe to-day far more than she did before the war; but she knows Europe better, she has studied her more deeply—with the purpose, of course, of working her harm.

During four years, for the first time in history, England ceased to be an island. She found herself to be part of the Continent. How can we believe that she will ever entirely return to the insular position which she formerly occupied? In the same way, the United States hesitate before the world responsibilities which they ought to assume. They would like to retire into their continent as if the last ten years were only a parenthesis in their history. "If only America were more grown up! This would be her hour," wrote an illustrious diplomat of the New World to me some days ago. Whether she is grown up or not, America is no longer to-day in the position which she occupied ten years ago. The shape of the world has changed. The Atlantic is no longer such a vast ocean as it was formerly—it has shrunk. . . .

Asia and Europe are two sick countries, because they have been and still are ravaged by the double scourge of war and revolution. All the world suffers from their sickness. The instability and ruin of Europe, the dull fermentation of Asia, threaten the whole machine of the Universe. If the nations hate and fear one another, there was never a time when they had more need of mutual help. They are all unhappy because in their hate and fear they fail one another at a time when each has most need of his neighbour.

No; humanity's sufferings at the present time are the last, most painful, and meritorious efforts towards the unification of the world—the august and supreme aim of four centuries of universal history.

In this way a serious if somewhat melancholy optimist might speak. He would not, in thus attempting to draw forth from the present depression the great promise of the future, be deceiving the people, like those gay and frivolous optimists, now so much in fashion, who proclaim every day that everything will come right in the end, without saying how or why. These hopes, at all events, have the merit of resting on a true historical vision. If their realisation is not certain, their basis at all events is not a chimerical one. No prophet can affirm that they will not be realised.

The truth is that the pessimistic view of the present crisis, like the optimistic one, contains two hypotheses between which the future must choose.

Once again humanity finds itself, as has happened from time to time before, at a crucial turning. It is impossible for a body to live if it is animated by discordant and inimical souls. For four centuries now

(Continued on page 370.)



THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE: SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO, THE WELL-KNOWN ITALIAN HISTORIAN.

Signor Ferrero was born in 1872. He is the author of "Symbols," "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," and "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations." He has lectured on Roman history at the Collège de France in Paris, and on militarism at Milan. His previous article, "When will the Twentieth Century Begin?" appeared in our issue of July 21 last.

increasing powerful means, is the unification of the world. This unification has not been brought about solely by sympathy and love. So long as the branches of the human family had lived their lives dispersed and isolated, they had been able to ignore each other without hatred. This was no longer possible when they came to know each other, for then they were mutually attracted—while at the same time they detested each other on account of their differences. Hate and love were born at the same moment from their diversity.

That is why the unification of the world was accomplished by the Gospel and the sword, by fraternity and extermination, by the exchange of merchandise and by the roar of guns. The discovery of America and the invention of firearms are about contemporary, and that is not a fortuitous coincidence. As the unification of the world progressed it was devastated by wars and revolutions of increasing and widespread magnitude.

For four centuries all the great wars between nations, doctrines, races, and religions have led to



"THE METROPOLIS OF THE NORTH": EDINBURGH—THE HIGH STREET.

"The ancient and famous metropolis of the North," writes R. L. Stevenson in his "Edinburgh," "sits overlooking a windy estuary from the slope and summit of three hills. No situation could be more commanding for the head city of a kingdom; none better chosen for noble prospects." This picture of the High Street (by the same artist as "The Belfry at Bruges," reproduced in colour in our issue of August 4), indicates a change in the character of the street since Stevenson's day, for he says: "It also has fallen socially. A scutcheon over the door somewhat jars in sentiment where there is a washing at every window." And again: "Social

inequality is nowhere more ostentatious than at Edinburgh. I have mentioned already how, to the stroller along Princes Street, the High Street callously exhibits its back garrets." It was in the High Street that occurred the sudden collapse of an old house containing thirty families, a calamity which R.L.S. so vividly describes. "In the black hours of a Sunday morning, the whole structure ran together with a hideous uproar and tumbled story upon story to the ground. . . . Death had made a brave harvest; and, like Samson, by pulling down one roof destroyed many a home."

FROM THE PICTURE BY ERNEST W. HASLEHURST, R.B.A., SHOWN AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS' EXHIBITION, AND PAINTED AS AN ILLUSTRATION TO "EDINBURGH," A COLOUR BOOK PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. BLACKIE AND SON, LTD. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS.

THROUGH A BACK-DOOR: A COMMONWEALTH'S WILD NORTH-WEST.

"A LAND OF OPPORTUNITIES": By E. J. STUART, J.P.*

BY Napier Broome Bay, in the wild North-West of Western Australia, the year 1917 saw revolvers worn by each of the priests of the Spanish Mission, and even by the half-caste small boys attached thereto. The country round the dwellings had been bared, that any trouble-seeking blacks might be without cover; and the clearing was bounded by a barbed-wire fence. There had been spearings not so long before.

But Mr. Stuart, leading an expedition to examine the natural and trade resources of the coast, was

when the dugong comes to the surface to breathe, the boy in the bow with the harpoon, to which is attached about ten fathoms of rope, thrusts the spear into the victim, at the same time jumping completely overboard so as to add his entire weight to the blow. This is necessary to drive the point of the harpoon through the hide, which is half an inch thick. The boy then scrambles back into the boat, and the dugong rushes away immediately, towing the boat at a great pace until exhausted. If there is any further trouble the boy jumps over again and blocks the animal's nostrils with his hands to prevent it from breathing."

Then bêche-de-mer, much relished in China—sea slugs, grey and, some of them, a foot long and four inches thick, like slimy cucumbers; or black, rarer and more expensive. And, probably from the same area, the mutton-fish, crawling about on the reefs ignorant of the fact that, when he is dried, he is worth at least £200 a ton to the Celestial connoisseur.

Plus, of course, turtle—from Turtle Bay. "The female turtles make their nests at night-time in the sand, and usually come up from the sea at high tide, and they select a position where they can reach the nest within easy distance of the water. When they

reach the dry sand they wriggle down into it, and throw the sand out with their flappers. After depositing their eggs, which are apparently laid in great numbers in one night, they cover them with sand with their flappers, and Nature provides the rest with the wind and sun. . . . When the young are hatched by the heat of the sun, they wriggle out of the sand and make for the water. Here they are attacked by hundreds of screaming gulls, and it would be safe to say, without any exaggeration, that not more than 50 per cent. reach the water. Even when they pass the attacks from the gulls they then fall a prey for sharks."

Mr. Stuart sent native boys ashore at about midnight, to turn turtles as they came up to rest. "When it was light enough, we could see turtles on their backs in all directions, while they were throwing up the sand in showers in their frantic endeavours to right their positions. . . . We estimated that the catch amounted to 12½ tons, as the smallest of them weighed about three hundred pounds. . . . All turtle are more or less savage, but the Loggerheads, in particular, are very cruel one to the other, and when fighting bite out pieces of flesh the full size of the mouth in a manner that evidences enormous strength in the jaws. . . . I was struck by the number of barnacles on the backs of these turtles, some of them being the size of half-crowns. These sea parasites unfortunately greatly disfigure the shell of the Hawk's-bill turtle, which has a very high commercial value. The Loggerheads are edible, but are not so good for canning as the Greenbacks, and the shell is useless. The fat is, however, valuable, and all the females are very fat."

So to fish—the sting-ray and the sail-fish, as

examples, and as earnest for others less curious but none the less to be sought.

Mr. Stuart notes of the former: "One morning we spent spearing sting-rays, commonly known as stingarees. . . . Some of these fish have two stings in the tail, and others only one about eight inches long.

"The sting is about a foot from the butt of the tail, and varies in length and thickness, according to the size of the fish. We speared them in about four to six feet of water, and some of those we captured weighed up to 5 cwt., and the tails of the largest were from six to nine feet in length. . . . The sting on the tail is covered with a black poisonous slime, and in order to photograph the sting, it was rubbed with sand until it became white."

The sail-fish is even more remarkable. Mr. Stuart writes of it: "The specimen shown in the photograph was 7 ft. 9 in. long, and was caught on the trailing line with a piece of white rag attached to the hook. The fin on the back was 3 ft. long and 2 ft. wide, and stands up exactly like the mainsail of a schooner. It was a beautiful bright blue in colour, with brown spots the size of a shilling. Underneath the belly there were two fins 15 in. long, while it had a beak like a huge gar-fish, a very fine swallow tail, and two powerful side fins about 10 in. long. The fin on its back had two stripes on each side, with a number of silver spots, and when this extraordinary provision of Nature was furled it fitted completely into a socket. D'Antoine, the Frenchman, had previously told me about these peculiar fish, and stated that, although he had never caught one, he had seen them in a dead calm travelling along on the surface of the water with the sail set, and that immediately they were approached they closed it down with a snap."

There were climbing fish, also—at Lombadena.—"In walking along the beach I saw fish of every description and in countless numbers, and was greatly interested in a variety that left the water and climbed into the limbs of the mangroves. We spent some time trying to photograph these fish, which were about three inches long, and had two fins angled from the body like those of a seal, and they used these to aid their climbing. . . . They were brown in colour, and had clubby heads."

Such are some of the lures for the Pioneers to come; and their fellows, whether they be of sporting or material value, are not a whit behind them. There can be no doubt that in course of time—in a short time as time goes—the North-West will be made to yield up its riches. Organisation and enterprise, with a reasonable and firm handling of waste land



LIKE BIG CUCUMBERS: GATHERING LUFFA SPONGES AT THE FORREST RIVER MISSION. Mr. Stuart writes of the luffa sponge, that very familiar article in the bath-room: "The luffa sponge when green looks like a huge cucumber, and the first thing that struck me was that the ripe, or dry ones were swinging lightly in the wind. Mr. Gribble picked one of these, and, after crushing the shell, he took the seeds out of the centre and produced a fine sponge nearly a foot in length."

able to say of the country: "You could leave men stranded there with arms and ammunition for defensive purposes on the remote chance of their being attacked by natives, and they would never starve, as the waters teem with all forms of edible sea life, and game of all descriptions is in abundance. The climate is so mild that the sky can be used as a roof all the year round."

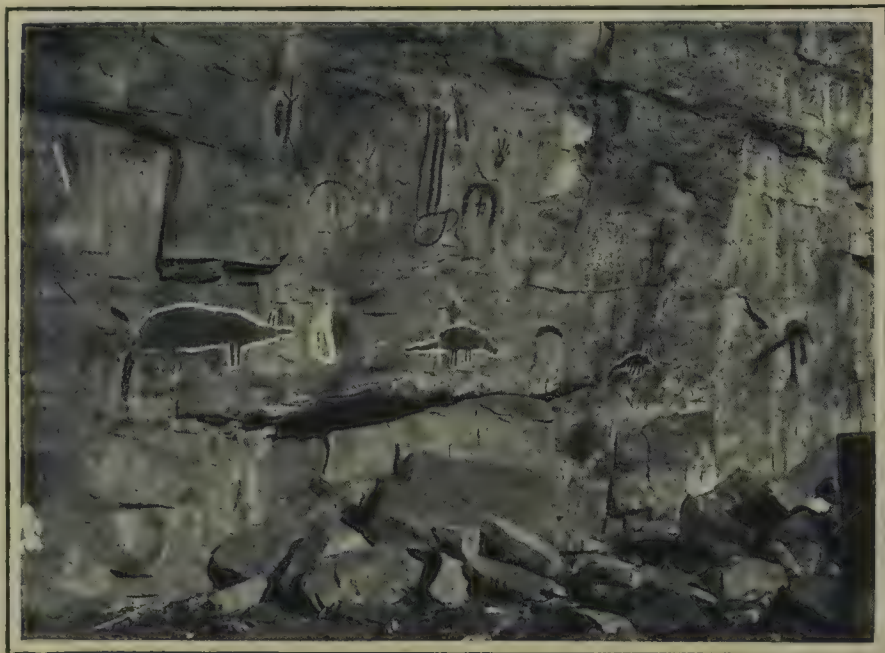
Not only could you leave them stranded—in an area whose white inhabitants are fewer than seven thousand!—but you would leave them to catch and to grow and to trade; to demonstrate that prospect may equal propaganda and a Land of Promise be a Land of Fulfilment.

"The various Mission Stations which have been established in these outlying places have proved conclusively the productivity of the soil for the cultivation of all forms of semi-tropical agriculture and horticulture, so that, if these small settlements among the wild blacks in the North-West have achieved no other object, they have shown to the world that cotton and rice can be successfully grown, while all forms of vegetables and tropical fruits thrive under cultivation. There are still millions of acres of land lying in its natural condition which are in every way suitable for stock-raising, and, unlike many parts of this vast Commonwealth, fresh water is plentiful along the coast-line."

So much for the farmer.

The more romantically minded may find solace and profit in game-hunting, crocodile-shooting, pearling, fishing, oyster-catching, prospecting for minerals, shell-collecting, turtle-turning—and riding in the de Rougemont fashion—the capturing and pickling of the dugong—an unromantic end for "mermaids"! the gathering of that queer delicacy, bêche-de-mer; and, perchance, if they are of use-save in the Serpent Season, the hooking of sea-snakes, six to eight feet long, grey and venomous.

Consider the dugong, aquatic and herbivorous. "Its flesh, which resembles that of the pig, is highly prized as an article of food; its hide is of remarkable thickness, and should make excellent leather; and the oil from its internal fats, as from the blubber beneath the skin, is considered to possess medicinal properties. This oil has, it is understood, been recommended as a therapeutic agent, and as a substitute for cod-liver oil. It is said to contain no iodine, and is without the unpleasant smell of cod-liver oil." The native deals drastically with it. "He follows the movements of one of these sea-pigs with wonderful dexterity, and



BY WILD NATIVES OF THE NORTH-WEST OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA: ROCK DRAWINGS. These drawings are on rocks, under a big overhanging precipice, which faces a tributary some six or eight miles up the Forrest River. The drawings cover an area of several hundred yards.

Photographs Reproduced from "A Land of Opportunities," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publisher, Mr. John Lane.

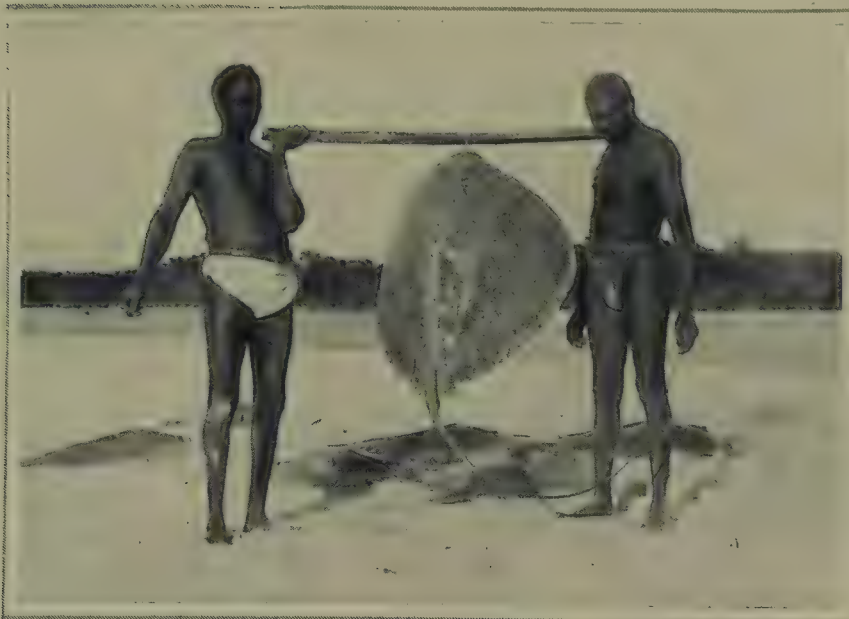
and of crude aborigines, are what is required. The market is ready: "The geographical position of the North-West coast provides exceptional advantages for the disposal of all these forms of produce owing to the nearness of the Malay States, the Dutch Archipelago, India, and the Far East. There are practically a thousand million people living at the back-door of this unsettled territory, and at the present time it is only maintaining a sparse population of wild natives." Are the newcomers to be white or yellow?

Mr. Stuart's excellent, enlightening book, should open many eyes and set many thinking.—E. H. G.

* "A Land of Opportunities; Being an Account of the Author's Recent Expedition to Explore the Northern Territories of Australia." By E. J. Stuart, J.P. (John Lane, The Bodley Head; 10s. 6d. net.)

IN A "NEVER-NEVER" LAND: THROUGH AN AUSTRALIAN BACK-DOOR.

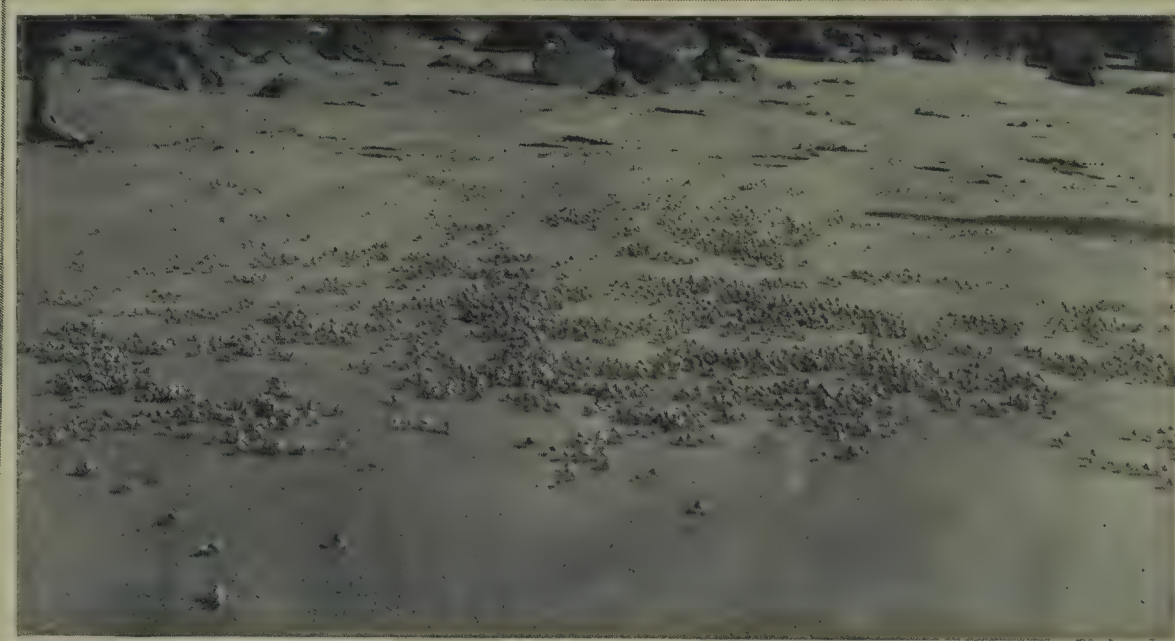
PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED FROM MR. E. J. STUART'S "A LAND OF OPPORTUNITIES," BY COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR AND OF THE PUBLISHER, MR. JOHN LANE.



SHOWING THE POISONOUS STING, ABOUT A FOOT FROM THE BUTT OF THE TAIL: A STING-RAY (OR, STINGAREE).



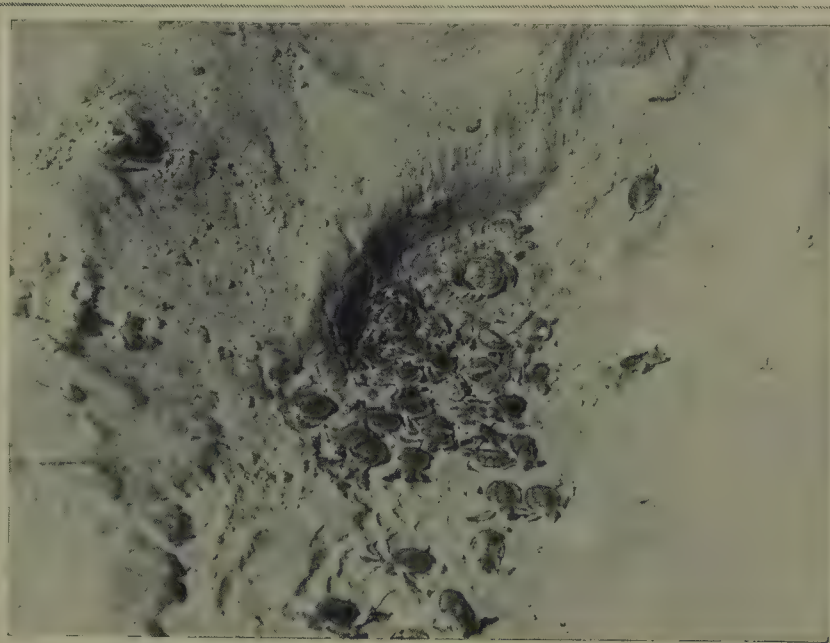
SHOWING ITS "SAIL," WHICH FURLS AND FITS INTO A SOCKET: A SAIL-FISH SEVEN FEET NINE INCHES LONG.



PHOTOGRAPHED WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY, OWING TO THEIR SHYNESS: A COLONY OF LITTLE CRABS ON THE MOVE.



THE ORIGINAL "MERMAID"—VALUED AS FOOD AND FOR ITS HIDE AND OIL: THE DUGONG.



PREY FOR GULLS AND FOR SHARKS: TURTLES, JUST HATCHED, WRIGGLING OUT OF THE SAND AND MAKING FOR THE SEA.



THE RESULT OF A NIGHT'S WORK: TURTLES TURNED ON THEIR BACKS AND UNABLE TO RIGHT THEMSELVES.

On this page we give some of the remarkably interesting illustrations from Mr. E. J. Stuart's book, "A Land of Opportunities." To a great extent, the photographs explain themselves, and fuller details are given on the page opposite. Here it may be noted that the sting-ray's sting is about a foot from the butt of the tail, and varies in length and thickness, according to the size of the fish. The sting is covered with black poisonous slime, but was rubbed with sand until it became white, in order that it might show in the photograph. The sail-fish illustrated had a big fin, 3 feet long and 2 feet wide, standing up exactly like the mainsail of

a schooner. When it was furled, it fitted completely into a socket. One observer has said that he has seen a sail-fish travelling on the surface in a dead calm, with sail set, and, when he approached, the fish closed it down with a snap. The dugong—the supposed origin of the mermaid myth—is hunted by natives, who thrust their spears into it, and, at the same time, throw themselves overboard, so as to add their whole weight to the blow. The female turtles lay their eggs in dry sand, and they are hatched out by the sun. Probably not more than 50 per cent. of young turtles reach the water, where many are eaten by sharks.



CHILDREN BY THE OLD MASTERS: No. VI.—"PRINCESS SOPHIA, DAUGHTER OF KING GEORGE III.," BY JOHN HOPPNER, R.A.

By the gracious permission of his Majesty the King, we have been enabled to include this charming example of Hoppner's work in our series of portraits of children by the Old Masters, in which we have previously issued "The Blue Boy," by Gainsborough; "The Red Boy" (Master Lambton), by Lawrence; "A Girl with a Cat," by Perronneau; "A Boy and Rabbit," by Raeburn; and "Prince James Stuart and His Sister," by Largillière. Hoppner's portrait of Princess Sophia is in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle, where the negative for our

reproduction was taken. Princess Sophia, who was born in 1777 and died in 1848, was the fifth daughter and twelfth child of the fifteen children of George III. and Queen Charlotte. The artist, John Hoppner, R.A. (1758—1810), was born and died in London. He was particularly successful in child portraiture, and scarcely less so with portraits of women. Among his works are "The Comic Muse" and a portrait of Mrs. Jordan, the actress, both at Hampton Court, and a portrait of Jane Elizabeth, Countess of Oxford, in the National Gallery.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY JOHN HOPPNER, R.A., AT WINDSOR CASTLE. . COPYRIGHT OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

This colour-plate forms a companion picture to those mentioned above as already published. Owing to the great interest taken in them by our readers, we issued them as separate plates, on art paper, ready for framing, at 2s. 6d. (post free, 3s.). The above picture is published in similar form, at the same price, as also is Miss E. F. Brichdale's portrait of Miss Sylvia Nelis as Polly Peachum in "The Beggar's Opera" (not, of course, in the same series). "The Blue Boy" is now out of print. Any two of the others can be had as a pair for 5s. 6d., post free, or three together for 8s., post free. Only a few copies are left, however, of "The Red Boy," "A Boy and Rabbit," and "Polly Peachum." Applications for copies should be made to our Publishing Office, 172, Strand, W.C.2.



SET A THIEF—



IV. FINGER-PRINT CHARLIE.

By RALPH DURAND, Author of "The Mind Healers," "John Temple," and "Spacious Days."

IF Mr. Albert Mayo had desired fame, his solution of the Carlton Theatre mystery would have won it for him. But the ex-convict revivalist preacher was content with his successes in turning sinners from sin, and with the devotion of the ex-criminals who, Sunday after Sunday, crowded the benches of the Eglinton Street Chapel. Scotland Yard was grateful, because it does not like to admit its failures, and the Chief Commissioner of Police issued a general order that any member of his staff might ask Mayo's help in any case of exceptional difficulty, even though he had to agree to the ex-burglar's terms.

Of all the Scotland Yard staff, Detective Simmonds was the one who most often invited Mayo's co-operation. Mayo had imagination. Given the main features of a baffling crime, he could attune his mind to the mind of the man who had committed it, follow his line of thought, diagnose his motives, and build up on his deductions a theory that usually led to the capture of the criminal—unless he found his sympathies too strongly engaged on the criminal's side.

Simmonds had no imagination. Method was his strong point. His files and his card-index were so admirably kept that, if Paris or New York became curious about any known criminal, he could, in half-an-hour, telegraph particulars ranging from his usual methods and his favourite aliases to the shape of his ears and the size of the boots that he wore.

But if a thief's methods were original thieves' methods seldom are—they baffled him. And no one baffled him more completely than the burglar who was known to a sensation-loving public as "Finger-print Charlie."

"It isn't that the man is a clever burglar," he protested, when outlining the case to Mayo. "He never tries to crack any crib unless it's so easy that a baby in arms almost might do it. To get through a French window, force the lock of a sideboard and get away with the plate-basket and a silver candlestick or two—that's his most ambitious effort. He's content with an amount of swag that wouldn't make it worth an ordinary burglar's while to spend a night out of bed—"

"Does it for a hobby like," suggested Mayo. "I mean, does it as if he doesn't get his living by it."

"He doesn't crack a crib often enough to get his living by it. This is January. His last job was in August. The time before was at Christmas—a year ago. Each time he got away with less than twenty quids' worth of stuff, and you know even better than I do how little the fences will give you for silver that has to be melted down."

"And he never leaves any sort of clue?"

"Yes, he does. The best clue I'd ask, if only I could use it. Every time he leaves his finger-marks somewhere where you can't help seeing them, and writes underneath, 'Finger-print Charlie, his mark.'"

"And you've got no record of his finger-prints in your books?"

"Of course I haven't!" said Simmonds irritably. "If I had, I shouldn't have come to you, should I? You aren't up to your usual form this morning, Mayo. What he does it for is what gets me."

"He's just pulling your leg," said Mayo. "It's his way of saying, 'Here you are! Here's just the clue you want, and yet you can't catch me.' He wants to see accounts of the burglary in the papers with

some such headline as 'Finger-print Charlie defies the police again.'"

"But what on earth does he do it for?"

"Where you people at Scotland Yard make a mistake is in thinking that all a burglar cares about is the swag. Now take my own case. In the days when I cracked cribs it was the excitement of the game more than anything else that I cared about. I've known a man do it for revenge. This man does it just for mere silly vanity."

The professional detective's mind was too methodical to work quickly. He was not at all sure that Mayo's deduction was right, but he knew that he must let him go to work in his own way.

"Will you take on the case?" he asked.

"I will. If I thought it was some poor down-and-out bloke who hadn't had much chance in the world, I'd do my best to get ahead of you and keep him out of your hands while I tried to lead him up to Grace, and found some honest work for him to do. But this isn't a case of that sort. This man is clever in his way, and he's so chock-full of conceit that he'd never listen to me until he'd had his lesson. I'll be real glad to take on the case. By defying the police and getting his name into the papers, and making burglary seem so easy, this Finger-print Charlie is tempting other poor fools to lead a life of sin, and if I can nab him for you I'll be doing a good work. Now let's think it out."

Mayo put his feet on the fender and his hands in his pockets and, as he stared into the glowing fire, projected his mind into the mind of the burglar he hoped to outwit. After five minutes' silence he began to speak slowly and thoughtfully.

"If I were in Finger-print Charlie's place, and had his kind of mind, I should be itching to talk about this burglary to every stranger I met, in trains, or buses, or pubs. Perhaps I'd have too much sense to talk about it myself. But I'd want to hear people talking about me and saying how clever I was. If I overheard any conversation that wasn't about me, I should be sick about it, and I'd think that anyone who preferred to talk about Cup ties was a fool. I'd want to read what the newspapers said about me, and I wouldn't be content with one newspaper account. I'd want to read them all. I could see all the London newspapers at any public library, but I couldn't see the country ones."

Mayo suddenly sprang to his feet and began to search eagerly among the litter of papers in his desk.

"Only the other day, some City firm or other sent me a newspaper account of one of my sermons, and offered to keep a look-out and send me cuttings from time to time, if I liked to pay a subscription, or all that the newspapers said about me. I expect I've got their letter here somewhere. The chances are that this man of ours pays them to send him all the newspaper reports of burglaries so as not to miss any account of his own doings. Now, where on earth can I have put—"

"Their letter?" asked Simmonds impatiently. "You'll never find it in all that mess if you hunt for a month of Sundays. I know all the newspaper-cutting agencies, if that's what you want."

"We'll go to them all, then. Just wait half-a-tick."

Mr. Mayo changed the semi-clerical clothes that

he usually wore for a suit that made him look like a blend of ex-President Wilson and a bachelor's confidential man-servant. On their way to the nearest omnibus route he made inquiries about the system of identifying finger-prints.

"I'm not well up in that line of your business," he said. "Supposing you've got something that I've handled—it may be that a dozen other people have handled it, too. Could you pick out my finger-prints among all the others?"

"As easy as easy—if we've got a record of them." Simmonds chuckled. "And we've got yours, you know."

"Then, if I point out the man and say, 'I think that's Finger-print Charlie,' all you've got to do is to get a print of his fingers to know if I'm right or not?"

"That's all. But how am I going to do it? I can't go up to a man and ask for a print of his fingers. I'd have to get a warrant to arrest him first."

"Oh, we'll find a way," said Mayo confidently.

It is the policy of all great London business houses to surround the responsible members of their staffs with a hedge of irresponsible subordinates. Since Simmonds did not care to exhibit his police badge except when it was absolutely necessary, Mayo, at the first press-cutting agency they visited, had to explain at great length his business—or as much of it as he thought fit to explain—to a pig-tailed girl whose duty seemed to be to drive all callers to such a state of exasperated despair that they should abandon all hope of doing business with her employers. The pig-tailed girl eventually gave up her place at the office counter to a typist, who listened to Mayo in silence, and then made way for a youth with an ink-spot on his nose and a manner intended to convey the impression that he was too busy to listen to anyone less important than a Cabinet Minister. Eventually a responsible person was summoned to the counter. Mayo asked the favour of being put in touch with anyone who subscribed for press cuttings dealing with burglaries, was assured that the agency had no such clients on its books, and led the way back to the street, having wasted twenty-five minutes.

Patient effort among other similar firms produced better results, and at the end of two hours he had the names and addresses of a dozen people to whom newspaper reports of burglaries were sent.

"Only four of them live in London," said Mayo. "We'll tackle them for a start, but first we'll have a look at 'Who's Who.' It may be that some of 'em aren't worth considering. Who's first on the list? L. R. Archibald, The Elms, Minerva Street, Ealing. They've got him here. 'Barrister-at-Law. . . . Son of Henry. . . . That doesn't concern us. 'Author of "Cesare Lombroso," "Crime and Criminals," etc. Clubs: Athenæum.' We won't waste time with him. Who's next? Theo Holly, Weymouth Street, W.R. And they've got him, too. 'M.D., F.R.C.P. Author of "The Pathology of Crime," "Paranoia; its Cause, Effect and Treatment." We won't waste time with him. Now we come to A. H. Hurd, Duke of Argyll Terrace, Wandsworth Road, Battersea. 'Who's Who' hasn't got anything to say about him. We'll try Hurd. When we get to Wandsworth Road, you call on the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker, and find out all you can about his habits, and I'll

mooch about the nearest pubs and see if I can find anyone who seems particularly interested in Finger-print Charlie. Meet me on the steps of the Shakespeare Theatre at three o'clock."

When Simmonds rejoined Mayo, his usually sombre face was lit up with a broad grin.

"Well! D'you think he's our man?" demanded Mayo eagerly.

"He's our man right enough. Oh, we've got him without a word of a doubt. Why, I've had a talk with him! When I told him I was a detective, he wanted me to come to tea with him on Sunday, and tell him all about how Scotland Yard works. So keen he was, I thought he was going to swallow me."

Mayo was puzzled.

"Did you manage to get hold of anything with his finger-prints on it?" he asked.

"No, I didn't go as far as that. You see, he's a middle-aged lady—Alice Helen Hurd, her name is—and the reason why she has cuttings about burglaries sent her is because she earns her living by writing detective stories for the *Primrose Magazine*. You've been barking up the wrong tree for once, Mayo. It'll be a good story to tell them at the Yard."

Mayo frowned and consulted his list again.

"W. Wood, 13, Spring Grove, Peckham, i., the only one left of the London lot," he said brusquely. "Come along to Peckham."

At Peckham they again separated, but, the public-house being closed till evening, Mayo pursued his line of investigations by mingling with groups of unemployed that hung about street corners. When the two met again, Simmonds was again chuckling.

"This theory of yours isn't worth much, Mayo," he said. "Wood is a teacher at the District schools."

"He is, is he? Then we're getting warmer."

"Who ever heard of a school-teacher turning burglar?"

"Why not, if he does it for a hobby and not for a living? If you spent your life teaching kiddies, you'd feel like committing any crime that would give you a bit of excitement and make you forget the multiplication table for a while. Eugene Aram was a school-teacher, besides being a robber and a murderer. And didn't you say that Finger-print Charlie's last job was in August—holiday time? And the one before at Christmas? There may be nothing in it, but it's worth trying. Where did you say the crib was cracked? Shere? Then we'll go down to Shere."

"I wonder you didn't want to go there sooner. You'll want to see the room that was burgled and all, won't you?"

"Not this time. What's the use, if you say it was so easy a job and no clues left behind except the finger-prints? No; I'm thinking we may run across our man there."

"He's not likely to hang about the place after he's got away with the swag."

"Any other burglar wouldn't, but he would. I tell you it's the notoriety he's after, more than the loot. He wants to hear people talking about how smart he is. Round about Peckham they won't be talking about a tin-pot burglary in the country;

but in the pubs at Shere they'll be talking about nothing else. Now I come to think of it, we might have done better to have gone there at the first go off."

In the train Mayo insulted Simmonds' intelligence by telling him how to pick out a schoolmaster among a crowd of others.

"A teacher stands more than he sits while he's teaching," he said, "and often leans his arms on a desk, so the cloth of his elbows is more shiny than the seat of his trousers. When he talks he talks like a book. He doesn't lay down the law like a saloon-bar gas-bag, but he lets you see he's quite sure that he knows more about everything under the sun than what you do."

"You're right about that last," said Simmons.

"Some years back, before Finger-print Charlie began his games, there was a schoolmaster wanted to teach Scotland Yard its business. He said we ought to keep what he called mentality charts of all criminals. He'd worked out charts for a dozen or so criminals that had been a good deal in the public eye, and sent them to the boss to show what he meant: ingenuity, 35 per cent.; skill, 20 per cent.; daring, 20 per cent.; foresight, 15 per cent.; cunning, 10 per cent.—that sort of thing. He said that all we'd have to do when a burglary was committed was to consider what qualities the burglar had shown, then turn up our records, and we'd know which of the crooks had done it. It interested us because we've got a system of the kind, only more elaborate. He wanted the boss to make us all attend night classes for him to come and teach us; and because the boss wouldn't, he put a letter in the *Dulwich Courier*, saying that we muddled along without any system, and were a sheer waste of the taxpayer's money. Now I come to think of it, he lived at Peckham. I shouldn't be surprised if it wasn't the same bloke as subscribes for the newspaper cuttings."

There are not many public-houses at Shere. In the first that they entered there were a number of customers, but their conversation seemed to show that they were absolutely uninterested in Finger-print Charlie's exploits. While Mayo sipped the Scotch-and-soda that Simmonds offered him—he was accustomed to denounce drink from the pulpit of his chapel, but he did not let his views lessen the effectiveness of his disguise when he was engaged on detective work—he listened bewildered to a conversation of which he understood scarcely one word, that centred round an institution called the Pre-Raphaelite School and something called the Vorticist phase. He surreptitiously emptied his glass into a spittoon, nudged Simmonds and led the way out.

"Our man isn't there," he said. "We'll try the Wheatsheaf."

At the Wheatsheaf the scent was hot. A group of men stood by the bar, glass in hand; all talking loudly, each more anxious to be heard than to hear, and all talking about the burglary. Only two men in the room were not talking. One, whose intimate association with cows was proclaimed by the smell of his clothes and the mud-splashes on his trousers, was

sitting on a bench, a blue quart mug beside him, staring vacuously at the ceiling. The other was a fat-faced little man, in a suit of shabby tweeds, who sat at a table, a glass of hot whisky-and-water in front of him, following the conversation with alert interest. Mayo carried his drink to the far end of the room and, as if the conversation had no interest for him, began to toss indiarubber rings at a series of numbered hooks on the wall, placed there by the publican for the entertainment of his customers. Only when he stooped to pick up a dropped ring did he glance for a fraction of a second at the man in the shabby tweeds.

Suddenly the fat-faced man interrupted the conversation.

"You none of you know what you are talking about," he declared.

Astonished into silence, every one of the talkers turned towards him.

"You none of you understand the mentality of Finger-print Charlie," continued the man in shabby tweeds. "He does not burgle for the sake of what he can get. His object, it ought to be clear to any man who can think, is to teach the police that they ought to think less about clues and more about psychology. To show them how little use clues are, every time he burgles a house, he makes them a present of the best clue they could ask. Like this."

He rubbed his thumb in the soot of the grate, walked across the room, and pressed it against the window-pane.

"There, that's what he does," he said, and, turning, beamed at the audience with all the pride of a scientist who announces the discovery of a new element to the Royal Society.

Simmonds was wondering how best the window-pane could be removed for expert treatment to Scotland Yard, when the fat-faced man obliterated the mark he had made with his sleeve. Simmonds turned to whisper to Mayo. But Mayo had unaccountably disappeared. Suddenly the cowman burst into a roar of laughter. The fat-faced man, indignant at the interruption to his lecture, turned on him. "What are you laughing at?" he demanded truculently.

"While you've been talking about burglars," said the cowman, still spluttering and gasping, "the bloke that was playing hooks and rings just now run off with your drink, glass and all."

England's most widely circulated Sunday newspaper published a verbatim report of the trial and conviction of William Wood, *alias* "Finger-print Charley," and an enthusiastic leader on the astuteness Detective Simmonds had shown in purloining the glass from which the burglar had been drinking, and thus obtaining the one irrefutable clue without which his brilliant deduction would have been worthless.

The journal's public-spiritedness has had an admirable effect on many schoolboys who, fascinated by "Finger-print Charlie's" exploits, formerly meant when they grew up to become burglars, but are now determined to win fame more honestly as detectives.

THE END.



AFTER A FOREST FIRE ON THE RIVIERA: COLLECTING TIMBER IN A VALLEY OF THE ESTÉREL DISTRICT RAVAGED BY THE FLAMES.

Thousands of acres of the forests of Estérel and Maures, on the Riviera coast, have recently been destroyed by fire. The above drawing was made after a similar calamity in the same region three years ago.

DRAWING BY L. SABATTIER.



“THE FALCONERS”

By J.H. THORPE

There are many things we should like to know about the sportsmen of Old England. For instance, what sort of tobacco did they smoke?

It may be doubted whether they enjoyed anything as fragrant and as perfectly blended as the modern sportsman's favourite — Three Nuns.

THREE NUNS TOBACCO

Sold everywhere in the following packings: 1-oz. Packets, 1/2; 2-oz. Tins, 2/4; 4-oz. Tins, 4/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., 36, St. Andrew Square, Glasgow

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

IF any unfortunate Londoner be cheated of his holiday, by business or other insufficient reason, he may take heart of grace and consider himself not so unfortunate after all. For is he not already in the most fascinating of holiday places? He cannot even object that he is cut off from change of scene, for what man among us is so learned in his London that a 'bus-ride will not take him to some quarter he has never seen before? Let it be never so despised a suburb, if he knows how to use his eyes and ears he will find it, if not rich in beauty—although here, too, he may be agreeably surprised—at least rich in historical associations.

As for change of air, our prisoner may object that no magic of the Metropolis can compensate his loss in that essential benefit of *villeggiatura*, but let him think again. Hampstead, Highgate, Wimbledon Common, and Richmond Park are change enough from the closeness of streets; in mid-Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens the winds blow free, and there, if he knows where to go, he can shut out the sight of Town and persuade himself he is deep in the country. And then the river-side—or, better still, the bridges! Face east on Waterloo or Blackfriars—or, for choice, because of the thronged shipping, London Bridge—and you may enjoy London-by-the-Sea, with almost the tang of salt-water in your nostrils, or at any rate a fine tarry suggestion of the sea and seafaring.

This idea is not new by a very long way. Several years ago Mr. James Milne made a delightful book about it. In "My London Holiday" he told you how it was done, and he remains the expert guide to this alternative to a vacation flight from Town. But to this work of a specialist one may add quite a little library of recent books which, if they do not set out to tell one particularly how to spend our London holiday, are full of hints where to go and what to look for. And in the case of things so obvious that they need no looking for, such books are invaluable. While they add to the knowledge of the knowing, they remind even the comparatively well-informed that they know next to nothing at all. It is about the most obvious things that we know least. The point need not be laboured. It is your thorough-paced Londoner who never enters the Abbey or St. Paul's, not to mention those marvellous lesser store-houses of history, the City churches.

In this bi-centenary year of Sir Christopher Wren, the London holiday-maker is more especially bound to visit the Master's Masterpiece, and as many of his other works—masterpieces too, in their degree—as he can find time for, or inclination. Guide-books are legion—some excellent, some no better than they should be—but for the moment he may give formal guide-books the go-by and turn to that very beautiful new volume, "SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN," with contributions by Paul Waterhouse, F.R.I.B.A., Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A., and other eminent architects (The Architectural Society; 7s. 6d.). There is an article, too, by a great authority and very charming writer on London, Mr. E. Beresford Chancellor, whose "St. James's Street" and "The London of Thackeray" are ideal companions for a stroll through these classic regions. The book, prepared as a tribute to Sir Christopher's memory, aims at giving in moderate compass a survey of Wren's architectural work. Mr. Waterhouse's great speech at the Wren Banquet last February has the place of honour. It is a memorable appreciation of Wren's character and genius. Wren as church architect, as pioneer of town planning, as artist, and as man is presented by brethren of his craft who can not only draw but write. There are sixty-one illustrations, magnificently reproduced, showing most of the principal Wren buildings and many of the less known. For a Wren Pilgrimage this volume is indispensable, and it is a miracle for the modest price.

If you follow faithfully in the footsteps of Wren, sooner or later you will find yourself at Chelsea Hospital, which, with Greenwich and the additions to Hampton Court, formed his most important work between 1683 and 1687. But once in Chelsea, there will be no getting away. The Hospital is only one attraction of that pleasing district, so you had better take with you, or study beforehand, Mr. Reginald Blunt's little volume, "THE LURE OF OLD CHELSEA" (Mills and Boon; 5s.). It is a last year's book, but no matter, it is still well down to date. A great deal of it can never get out of date, and for a good many years to come its opening chapter, "A Walk through Chelsea," will need little or no revision.

The first paragraph of the first chapter is so suitable

Everyone who knows anything at all about Chelsea, and many who have never troubled to explore it, know the magic of its place names, the rarest in London. Listen to some of them. Paradise Row, Cheyne Row, Cheyne Walk, Don Saltero's, and, choices of all, the Physic Garden. If, to be sure, you associate the word physio only with something nauseous your pleasure in the name will be a trifle dulled; but a very short course of Mr. Blunt will soon correct that. He will talk to you, as you go to the Physic Garden, of fragrant-sounding Rosemary, Agrimony, Lavender, Southernwood, Quince Seed, Fresh Beat Cloves, and Spearmint. The last word, certes, is of a somewhat mingled significance, a qualified sweetness, yet still in a way botanical, for it suggests the turf, and—other mysteries, not to be named here.

Then, too, there is history and literary history, with their long procession of Chelsea people, great in their day, and great, many of them, for all time. Most gracious of all is the figure of Sir Thomas More; ungracious at times, but with a covert drollery and not unkindly "at bottom," as he would say, rises old Tom Carlyle. Our guide leads us to his door in Cheyne Row, and if he does not go in (for time is too short) he evokes a great company of those who used to visit there. It is a muster-roll of fame reaching back through Leigh Hunt and Jeffrey to Byron's circle, and following on with Ruskin, Mill, Owen, Mazzini, Kingsley, Stanley, Dickens, Forster, Clough, Huxley, Tyndall, Froude, Lecky, Millais, Watts, Whistler, and the list still incomplete. Chelsea alone would occupy the whole of a London holiday and leave much still undone.

For such excursions as these some of the best books are a little too bulky to be carried round; nor is that practice altogether happy—it suggests too much the feverish tourist with his feverish-coloured handbook. Best to digest information before setting out. But there is a little pocket volume, "HISTORIC STREETS OF LONDON," by L. and A. Russan (Simpkin; 3s. 6d.), that may come in useful for brief reference or reminder. It does not pretend to do more than give highly condensed notes; but it would help very well in mapping out a special pilgrimage, say, to the London homes and haunts of Dr. Johnson, or even of less-noted people. The index will do this at a glance.

Taking up once more the track of Wren and still going westwards, we are warned by the architectural memoir to remember Kensington Palace, and, apropos, there has just appeared another of Mr. Ernest Law's ever-welcome little handbooks, "KENSINGTON PALACE HISTORICALLY AND CRITICALLY DESCRIBED AND CONSIDERED" (Bell; 2s. 6d.), a treasury of careful and accurate information, always most attractively set forth. From the same able pen comes another timely little work, "CARDINAL WOLSEY AT HAMPTON COURT" (Bell; 2s.), which ought to be widely read just now, when the recent opening of the Wolsey Apartments to the public is drawing so many visitors to the great Cardinal's palace up the river. Mr. Law's account of Wolsey and his magnificent house throws new light on a most interesting subject, and has, besides, a very agreeable literary flavour. It is common knowledge that Wolsey was an artist in living; here his artistry is illustrated with fresh examples now made visible to the general eye. We learn, among other things, that the Cardinal was ahead of his time in sanitation, which was to be expected of that fastidious Prince of the Church who in a crowd would press an orange stuck full of cloves to his nostrils and exclaim, "Save me from the common people!" And there are details that remind one somewhat of that notorious bath-room of Cardinal Bibbiena's at the Vatican. A little book, but full of matter, and capital reading for a London holiday.



STRONGLY CRITICISED BY SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES: ELLIS ISLAND, THE NEW YORK IMMIGRATION STATION, AS SEEN FROM THE AIR.

Photograph from a U.S. Army Aeroplane. Supplied by Topical.

to the present article that I will quote it in full. "The discovery of London," says the author, "is going on apace. I was in Mudie's the other day, and lighted upon a whole table of more or less recent London books. The Charm and the Lure and the Highways and Byways of London have all been exploited; London South, East, and West, London Unknown and Unnoticed, Footpath Ways, American and Dickens Shrines, City Churches have each had their volume; the Wanderer has returned to give us 'London Revisited'; there was even a 'Child's Guide,' and I have little doubt that 'The Perambulator in London' is in the press."



AT THE INVITATION OF THE U.S. SECRETARY OF LABOUR: SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES (CARRYING STICK) INSPECTING ELLIS ISLAND, WITH MR. J. J. DAVIS (EXTREME LEFT). Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador in Washington, visited the New York Immigration Station on Ellis Island, at the invitation of Mr. Davis, U.S. Secretary of Labour. To the right of Sir Auckland is Mr. Todd, Immigration Commissioner. The Ambassador's report, just published as a White Paper, has created a considerable stir. While praising some of the arrangements, and admitting the difficulties, chiefly due to the mixed character of the immigrants, many of whom are of dirty habits, the report frankly criticises the evils of the system, and makes various suggestions for its improvement. Sir Auckland writes: "I should prefer imprisonment in Sing-Sing to incarceration on Ellis Island awaiting deportation."

Photograph by Keystone View Co.

THE ELEPHANT HOWDAH AS "BUTT": SHOOTING SWAMP DEER IN INDIA.

By G. M. DYOTT, F.R.G.S., Photographer of the Vernay-Faunthorpe Expedition. (See Illustrations on pages 361, 362-3.)

THE pleasure of shooting big game from off the back of elephants is not necessarily in proportion to the sporting qualities of the animal shot. During the entire Vernay-Faunthorpe Expedition to India, Burma, and Nepal, which I had the good fortune to accompany in the capacity of photographer, that time devoted to shooting gond, or swamp-deer, stands out in my memory as particularly enjoyable. It is obvious that in comparison with tiger-ringing it can never hope to be as exciting, yet, for all that, there is a peculiar fascination in beating up a vast tract of swampy country which no other form of *shikar* can equal. As this happened to be my initial introduction to big-game shooting in India, and the very first time I had ever ridden on the back of that noble beast, the elephant, I was more than interested in the novelty of the event.

In the early part of January, Mr. A. S. Vernay and Colonel Faunthorpe, A.D.C., who organised and equipped the expedition, had completed their *bandabast* for a swamp-deer shoot in the Kheri district, round about Sathiana and Sonaripur. All the camp equipment had gone forward in advance, so that it only remained for members of the party to follow, armed with various rifles necessary for the sport. My own armament was fairly extensive, and consisted of sundry still cameras, motion-picture machines, tripods, etc. Leaving Lucknow in high spirits, we travelled by train to Dudwa, a little place not far from the Nepalese frontier, and there the first thing to attract my attention was the bulky forms of several elephants walking slowly out of the jungle to meet us. Upon their ample backs our kit was secured, and within short order the procession headed for camp, which had already been pitched at Sathiana, barely twelve miles away, in the neighbourhood of some extensive swamps. Now the elephant, at the best of times, moves leisurely, so that we humans, on this occasion, were thankful when a more rapid means of locomotion was forthcoming. The roads which pass through the forest are apt to be muddy, and not suitable for motor-cars at this season of the year, but we galloped along in a Ford, happily anticipating the pleasant days that were ahead of us.

As I have already said, my lord the elephant was quite a new experience to me, so much so that everything pertaining to these remarkable creatures filled me with wonder, admiration, and surprise. When told that I would leave on a "pad" the following morning at six o'clock sharp, I was not sure whether it was a new name for a Ford, or some peculiar native vehicle that I would have to travel by. It turned out to be an ordinary elephant, with a well-upholstered mattress, or pad (stuffed with straw), securely fastened to its back by means of heavy ropes. Pads in this part of the country are very large and comfortable to ride on, accommodating three, or even four, people at a pinch. Howdahs, on the other hand, which are the strongly built, box-like structures secured to the top of the pad, are none too agreeable when it comes to travelling long distances; they are usually built with seats tandem-fashion, on the foremost of which sits the sportsman, with racks handy on either side to hold his weapons. The rear seat, less spacious, is available for anyone fortunate enough to be invited to occupy it, but he cannot shoot, that being the sole privilege of the man in front.

The regular way of mounting, after the elephant has been made to kneel down by the mahout, is to clamber up the tail; but those who are corpulent and not particularly agile can make use of a small ladder kept for the purpose. The mahout reaches his perch at the back of the elephant's head by a different route altogether. He orders his charge to lower his head, then, gripping an ear in each hand, he walks up the trunk, and, assisted by the elephant, clambers into place. From this point of vantage he can control his mount either by whispering words of command into his big ears, or else raining heavy

blows on his head. The *ankus*, which the mahout carries for the enforcement of orders, is usually a bar of metal, with a point at one end and a hooked prong on the side. If instructions are not obeyed promptly and thumps on the head are of no avail, then the point of the *ankus* is jabbed into the skin at the back of the ear.

The days in camp at Sathiana were replete with interest. The usual programme was to make an early start, arriving at some selected spot about 9.30 or 10.0, possibly later if the place was very far from camp. The cold morning air was a grand tonic to



SHOT FROM ELEPHANT-BACK IN INDIA: A FINE SPECIMEN OF GOND.
OR SWAMP-DEER.

start the day on, especially as it was followed by warm sunshine. Breakfast over, we would mount an easy-going pad elephant, transferring to howdahs when on the scene of action. The line formed, and the howdahs with their guns properly distributed, the operations would start.

To beat successfully a swamp of gond does not imply the use of many elephants in the lines. On this particular occasion we had some ten or twelve animals

starting-point, and dump me and my cameras in a couple of feet of water, saying that part of the herd would pass near me; and pass they generally did. In this manner I was able to record some interesting scenes. On other occasions I would have my motion-picture machine on the back of a pad, take my place in the line with the beaters, and so record incidents of the sport from quite another angle.

Faunthorpe, in command, would direct all movements either by whistle or visible signal, causing an elephant to push forward here, or hold back at some other point. Sometimes the line would converge, sometimes spread out over a great width, and so, alternately pivoting, inclining, or moving line-ahead, we would advance over miles of desolate swamp land such as the gond frequent. As a rule, the rank grass was of such height that the bodies of the elephants would be lost to view entirely, and it was indeed a curious spectacle to see only the heads of the mahouts, or else just the howdahs, with their occupants, swaying to and fro on the grass tops like row-boats in a heavy sea. Those of the swamp deer that had not become suspicious and cleared off would frequently lie close until the elephants were almost on top of them. As they suddenly dashed off through the tall grass, it needed a quick eye and steady hand to place one's shot right, for in a fraction of a second they were out of sight and gone for good. In the more open stretches there were often times when a commotion could be seen in the grass ahead of the line, indicating the presence of some animal. Excitement would run high for a few moments till he showed himself, and then what a magnificent sight to behold a fine stag dashing through a

stretch of shallow water, or else going like the wind over a patch of short grass bordering the swamp. Lucky was the man who brought off a successful shot, and luckier still if, on measuring up his trophy, the antlers proved to be more than thirty-seven inches!

Colonel Faunthorpe bagged an exceptional head of 39½ inches, and others shot by Mr. Vernay were not far behind. When the quarry has been shot, there is but one way of transporting it back to camp, and, as usual, it is the patient old elephant who does it. The shoot over, the entire party would head for home, where, round a blazing fire, the day's sport would be freely discussed.

Another delightful experience was to take a solitary pad elephant and set off by oneself at dawn, walking up some of the outlying patches of jungle adjacent to the Sal Forest. These early morning excursions, when the dew lay heavily on the grass, a pink glow still hung in the West, and the sun crept slowly over the horizon, throwing a flood of light under the trees, were experiences that remain with one a lifetime. At dawn, sambur are found feeding out in the open, and with luck the heads of several beautiful does might suddenly appear over the grass not far away. The elephant stops instantly, you wait for several seconds in anticipation, and the reward comes—a splendid stag also raises his head, and, with the sun shining full in his face, looks at you with a puzzled air. If he is the specimen you are looking for, don't stop to admire him, just shoot,

and let it be quick and straight, for in a flash he and his family will be gone, and you will have lost your chance. Sometimes you don't want to kill and are satisfied with just the sight that is before you; memories live a lifetime, and, if supplemented with photographs and motion-picture films such as were taken on this expedition, not only yourself but others can enjoy your experiences.

The delightful sojourn in this locality finally came to an end, and the specimens of wild game procured were packed up and sent to the Museum of Natural History in New York, where they will be mounted in family groups, true to Nature, and prove instructive to millions of people who will ultimately view them there.



THE PARTNERS IN THE EXPEDITION: MR. A. S. VERNAY (LEFT) AND COLONEL FAUNTHORPE, DIRECTOR OF THE SHOOT, WHO BAGGED AN EXCEPTIONAL HEAD WITH ANTLERS MEASURING 39½ INCHES.—[Photographs by Mr. G. M. Dyott, F.R.G.S.]

available, but seldom were more than seven or eight used at once. The skill and knowledge of the man directing the shoot plays a much more important rôle. First he must be able to control the mahouts, by no means an easy task. Secondly, he must know how and in what direction to manoeuvre the elephants; thirdly, he must be very familiar with the habits of the gond, so as to forecast their movements when disturbed; and, lastly, familiarity with the lay of the land is essential. Colonel Faunthorpe is a recognised authority in India on shooting off the backs of elephants; he seemed to have every phase of this sport at his finger-tips, and the success of the photographic side of the expedition was largely the result of his extensive knowledge of the subject. He would take me to some open strip of swamp, miles away from the

AFTER A GOND SHOOT: AN ELEPHANT BRINGS HOME THE "BAG."

PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. G. M. DYOTT, F.R.G.S., OF THE VERNAY-FAUNTHORPE EXPEDITION.



"AS USUAL, IT IS THE PATIENT OLD ELEPHANT WHO DOES IT": THE ONLY METHOD OF TRANSPORTING THE "BAG" BACK TO CAMP—THE CARCASE OF A SWAMP-DEER SLUNG ACROSS A "PAD."

In his article describing the expedition, on page 360, Mr. Dyott says: "My lord the elephant was quite a new experience to me. . . . When told that I would leave on a 'pad' the following morning at six o'clock sharp, I was not sure whether it was a new name for a Ford, or some peculiar native vehicle that I would have to travel by. It turned out to be an ordinary elephant with a well-upholstered mattress, or pad (stuffed with straw), securely fastened to its back by means of heavy

ropes." After explaining the method of mounting an elephant, the equipment of the mahout who drives it, and the details of a hunt for gond, or swamp-deer, the writer continues: "When the quarry has been shot, there is but one way of transporting it back to camp, and, as usual, it is the patient old elephant who does it." Other photographs illustrating the expedition are given on a double-page in this number.

THE ELEPHANT AS THE HUNTER'S MOUNT: "BEATING UP A VAST TRACT OF SWAMPY COUNTRY" AFTER GOND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. G. M. DYOTT, F.R.G.S.

OF THE VERNAY-FAUNTHERS EXPEDITION.



CARRYING HIS ANKUS, A POINTED METAL BAR WITH A HOOKED PRONG AT THE SIDE: A TYPICAL MAHOUT (ELEPHANT-DRIVER).



"SOMETIMES THE LINE WOULD CONVERGE, SOMETIMES SPREAD OUT OVER A GREAT SUCH AS THE GOND FREQUENT": A GROUP OF FIVE



WIDTH, AND SO . . . WE WOULD ADVANCE OVER MILES OF DESOLATE SWAMP LAND LADEN ELEPHANTS WADING THROUGH DEEP WATER.



A TYPICAL NATIVE SHIKARI, OR HUNTER: KALOSINGH, ONE OF THE INDIANS WITH THE EXPEDITION.



"A RECOGNISED AUTHORITY IN INDIA ON SHOOTING OFF THE BACKS OF ELEPHANTS": COLONEL FAUNTHERS, THE COMMANDER OF THE EXPEDITION, IN HIS HOWDAH.



"PADS IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY ARE VERY THREE OR EVEN FOUR PEOPLE":



LARGE AND COMFORTABLE TO RIDE ON, ACCOMMODATING A PAD ELEPHANT IN SHORT GRASS.



"AS A RULE, THE RANK GRASS WAS OF SUCH A HEIGHT THAT THE BODIES OF THE ELEPHANTS WOULD BE LOST TO VIEW": A PAD ELEPHANT IN SWAMPY GROUND.

In our last issue (for August 18) we gave some interesting photographs showing detail of the texture of an elephant's hide, the curious formation of its tail and the under surface of the foot, and the relative smallness of the eye in comparison with the animal's enormous bulk. As we then mentioned, these photographs were the work of Mr. G. M. Dyott, F.R.G.S., who accompanied a recent big-game hunting expedition in India and Burma conducted by Mr. A. S. Vernay and Colonel Fauntleroy, A.D.C. We now give, here and on other pages, a number of Mr. Dyott's photographs illustrating what he himself found to be one of the most novel and enjoyable episodes of the hunt (if not so exciting as tiger-ringing)—that is, the shooting of gonds, or swamp-deer, from elephant-back. "There is a peculiar fascination," he writes in his descriptive article on page 360, "in beating up a vast tract of swampy country

which no other form of shikar can equal." Describing the pad elephant, he says: "Pads in this part of the country are very large and comfortable to ride on, accommodating three or even four people at a pinch. Howdahs, on the other hand—which are the strongly built box-like structures secured to the top of the pad—are none too agreeable when it comes to travelling long distances; they are usually built with seats tandem-fashion, on the foremost of which sits the sportsman with racks handy on either side for his weapons." The mahout, or driver, reaches his perch at the back of an elephant's head by walking up its trunk, gripping an ear in each hand. He controls his mount "either by whispering words of command into his big ears, or else raining heavy blows on his head. The ankus which the mahout carries is usually a bar of metal with a point at one end and a hooked prong on the side."

BEFORE AND AFTER DE VALERA'S ARREST: THE CROWD THAT STAMPEDED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS.



BEFORE THEIR DISPERSAL BY BLANK CARTRIDGE: THE CROWD AT ENNIS GREETING THE ARRIVAL OF A LORRY-LOAD OF DE VALERA'S REPUBLICAN SUPPORTERS WITH FLAG AND DRUM.



AFTER THE FREE STATE TROOPS HAD FIRED INTO THE AIR WITH BLANK CARTRIDGE: THE MAD STAMPEDE AT ENNIS AS THE CROWD BROKE IN PANIC AND RUSHED DOWN NEIGHBOURING STREETS TO SEEK SAFETY.

The arrest of Mr. De Valera, at Ennis, as described and illustrated on the opposite page, was highly dramatic; and, as one eye-witness put it, "the most amazing thing about the whole business was the almost callous manner in which his followers deserted him when real danger threatened." All the morning they had swarmed into the town in lorries, motors, and jaunting-cars, waving flags and beating drums. Just after their leader had begun to speak, however, an armoured car with some thirty soldiers arrived. Suddenly there was the crack of rifle fire, at first single shots, and then volleys, until about forty rounds of blank cartridge

had been discharged. The effect was instantaneous. The crowd broke in panic, and there was a stampede for safety, people rushing madly down every street leading out of the square, and some throwing themselves to the ground. Very soon the square was cleared. A handful of Mr. De Valera's adherents tried to drag him away, but he motioned them aside, and walked under guard through deserted streets to the barracks half a mile away. The vehicles which had brought in his supporters "now swarmed out (we read) without their banners by every exit at the best speed of which their cars and horses were capable."

THE STORMY PETREL OF IRELAND CAGED AT LAST: DE VALERA'S ARREST.

DRAWN BY W. R. S. STOTT, FROM PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIAL.



ARRESTED BY FREE STATE TROOPS, WHO DISPERSED THE CROWD WITH BLANK CARTRIDGE: MR. DE VALERA DESCENDING FROM THE HUSTINGS AT ENNIS IN THE GRASP OF A SOLDIER.

Mr. De Valera, the Irish Republican leader, for whose arrest a warrant had been issued some time ago by the Free State Government, emerged from concealment on August 15 to address a Sinn Fein election meeting at Ennis, Co. Clare. He had scarcely begun his speech when an armoured car pushed through the crowd, the troops fired blank cartridge into the air, and there was a stampede for safety. It was officially stated that shots were fired from the platform and that a soldier's rifle was shot out of his hand. Apparently, Mr. De Valera fainted, or fell on the platform, when the blank cartridge volley was fired. He was removed by the

troops to the gaol (now used as barracks) and later was conveyed in an armoured car to the County Gaol at Limerick, whence he was taken by train to Dublin. President Cosgrave, speaking at Ennis on the 19th, said: "It was to be victory or extermination. He is not exterminated. He is fairly safe. Another cry was 'Death or glory.' He is not dead, and he has got no glory. But there are many people who have got death, people who did not boast from public platforms that a bullet would not stop them. A bullet did not stop him. Blank cartridge was enough."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

WE have all been very busy scattering. Those with whom we sat and chatted in the pleasant garden of the Royal Yacht Squadron or went to lunch with on board a big yacht are now, some at Deauville, some gone to Norway, some gone in their

reason. The bandana neck-handkerchief, for instance, which had ceased to intrigue us in London, has made a reappearance at the seaside, and was rather popular even in the exclusive circles of yachtswomen at Cowes. It was worn draped over one shoulder, point downward over the shoulder-blade, much in the way that skins of foxes were used in the winter. The other was indeed the cold shoulder! The effect of these handkerchiefs is very picturesque and colourful, and they are most useful in preventing disfiguring sunburn—how disfiguring we have recently had ample opportunity to realise! It is, of course, a point to secure them of colours to go with, or contrast effectively with, the dress, and also to have them quite out of the ordinary in design. For tennis a supplementary handkerchief is sometimes worn draped over the hip, opposite to the shoulder which sports its fellow. It will be understood, however, that this can only be successful if the wearer be exceptionally slight.

Occasionally there crops up a correspondence or a discussion on the advisability of abolishing class in train carriages. From a study of under-one-hundred-mile journeys during the holiday season it seems that the railway companies are the sole beneficiaries from

Scouts' and Girl Guides' camping-out kits, propelled by these really very fine young people in any direction they see fit. Their arrangements must be made well in advance. Surely the general travelling public need not be cheated and chased by them. All that is necessary here is organisation. The handicap on short holiday journeys is so severe that those who can afford it must eventually be driven from the rail to the road.

Canadian Countesses will perhaps outnumber Americans. The Earl of Haddington, a very good-looking, smart soldier, is engaged to Miss Sarah Cook, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cook, of Montreal, sister of the Countess of Minto. Lord Haddington, who served through the war in a Dragoons regiment, is on the staff of the Governor-General of Canada—a staff, be it said, that blossoms out into matrimony at fairly frequent intervals. Lord Haddington, who is twenty-nine, has one brother and one sister, Lady Helen Baillie-Hamilton, a pretty girl not yet twenty. Their mother, Lady Binning—her husband predeceased his father, the late Lord Haddington, who was nearly ninety when he died—was Miss Millicent Salting, and now lives at Tynningham Park, the family seat near Prestonkirk. This will be two Canadian Countesses in Scotland—and very suitable, for the Canadians are mostly of Scotch origin.

If you want fine "leppers," you'll get them at the Dublin Horse Show. So thought many a hunting man and woman who either went or were represented at the recent show at Balls Bridge. The Hon. Lancelot Lowther—who, by the way, is shortly to be married to Miss Feetham—is a great believer in Irish hunters. He is so like his brother, Lord Lonsdale, that an Irish breeder declared that he had made a deal with the Earl. On being shown he was wrong, he said, "Then there must be twins iv thim; and if they're both like other, there should 'a' been triplets, so there should!" Quite a handsome Hibernian compliment to the family. The Hon. Lancelot looks less like a grandfather than anyone I can think of yet; his son's son is over a year old, and his daughter's daughter is rising six;



Fine navy-blue faced cloth makes this coat. It is embroidered in blue silk to match, while narrow military braid binds the edges.

craft to Scotland, where innumerable others have arrived by car and train, and where the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are credited with going, in a day or two from now, by aeroplane. Seasons go off and seasons come on in popular favour; but, like Tennyson's "Brook," and others not Tennyson's, the Scotch season goes on for ever, and increases, never decreases, as it goes. The King never looked better than after his stay at Cowes, where he thoroughly enjoyed racing in his beautiful *Britannia*.

Princess Olga of Greece, the betrothed of Prince Paul of Serbia, has, like her fiancé, been a great deal in this country. She is the eldest of the three daughters of Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece. Having a remarkably handsome father and mother, she should be a very handsome girl. Princess Olga was twenty in May. Her father was, in his bachelor days, very much in this country, being a favourite nephew of Queen Alexandra, and a favourite also with all who knew him here. Her mother is the only daughter of the late Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia, and was reputed to have been a great heiress, and a very pretty and high-spirited, fascinating girl. Her brother, the Grand Duke Cyril—whose wife is the second daughter of the late Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh—looks upon his son as the next Tsar of Russia, if ever there is one. For himself, he renounced, as did his brothers Boris and Andrew, his rights; but for his son he made no renunciation.

Prince Paul of Serbia has been educated here and studied at one of our Universities, and has gone out a great deal into London Society. He is the only child of Prince Arsène of Serbia, and is first-cousin to King Alexander, who married last year Princess Marie of Roumania. Prince Paul is just ten years older than Princess Olga. At present he stands as heir to his cousin's throne, as King Alexander's only brother renounced his hereditary right of succession. Prince Paul has become a great favourite here, and much interest is taken in his approaching marriage.

There are some odd points in fashion carefully observed by women for, apparently, no particular



This beautiful black satin evening wrap has a deep yoke of black-and-gold brocade, and a white fox collar.

the sale of first-class tickets. I was with one friend in a first-class carriage, the other occupants of which were two families—in all, eleven. It was not a smoking carriage, yet the men smoked, and one of the women combed out her bobbed hair; another insisted, despite the congestion, on having a large despatch-box beside her on the seat. That was one experience of eleven third-class travelling companions. The next was of a man and a woman in a first-class carriage asked to pay excess on third-class tickets. The man refused, saying that if room could be found for him and the lady third-class they were prepared to go there. The collector could find no room, and yet wanted the man's name and address, which he refused to give. Now it struck me that the company was trying to have it both ways—to give their first-class clients nothing for their money, and to get from harassed third-classers, for whom there was not one scrap of room, excess fare. They were most unfair proceedings, and, I am told, quite usual.

Americans over here are amazed to find on the platforms, amid the passengers, trucks full of Boy



A three-piece suit in mole-grey velours. The frock has two deep tucks at the waist, and the loose-fitting coat is trimmed with black fur.

while his younger daughter, Lady Rodney, has two fine boys, one four and one three. There is, however, only the one baby boy in the direct succession to the Lonsdale Earldom: A. E. L.

Born 1820—Still going Strong!



HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 28

CARNARVON CASTLE was begun by Edward I. in 1283. The first Prince of Wales — afterwards Edward II.—is said to have been born within its walls. The castle is one of the noblest ruins in the country.

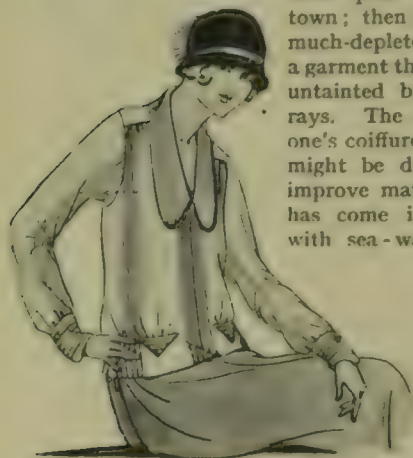
Johnnie Walker: “It was your gift, Sire, that bound Wales to England.”

Shade of Edward I: “Yes! The tie of Scotland I had to leave to you.”

Fashions and Fancies.

The Aftermath of Holidays.

The return home from the summer holidays is not without its disadvantages. First comes the knowledge of a very sunburnt face and neck, which look quite out of place in town; then the discovery of a much-depleted wardrobe: not a garment that looks fresh and untainted by the sun's hot rays. The feeling, too, that one's coiffure is not all that it might be does not tend to improve matters. Hair that has come into close contact with sea-water is a severe handicap, certainly, and the best thing to do with it, after having given it a good shampooing, is to submit it to a course of "brushing" and massage



Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W.1, have expressed this practical over-shirt in striped spun silk of two tones. It is reinforced with pockets, and has a becomingly shaped collar.

treatments. A celebrated specialist on the hair, who particularises in these special treatments, can prove that, after a course of regular massage and "brushing," the hair will redouble its strength, and be soft and lustrous besides. Of course, they must be carried out in a particular way—and both must be performed with the utmost regularity, or they will not be effective. Besides practising this treatment herself in her beauty parlour not very far from Regent Street, this clever hair specialist has a series of

treatments for home use which should prove of incalculable value to residents outside London. Her name and address, by the way, will willingly be forwarded to any reader upon request to this paper.

An Excellent Vanishing Cream.

A cream one can recommend with every assurance as being most successful in concealing sunburn is Pond's Vanishing Cream. It is a cream of equal value to the blonde and the brunette, and can be used with impunity by possessors of most sensitive skins, since it contains not a single harmful ingredient. Pond's has just the right amount of moisture to form a perfect foundation for powder, causing the latter to adhere evenly and becomingly without, of course, suggesting greasiness in the least. After it has been used for a short time it will be found that the sunburn will have completely disappeared. Pond's is also invaluable in alleviating that burning sensation so often brought about by the sea and the wind combined. It should be used always by the girl-about-town in keeping the pores of the skin free from dust and grime. Pond's is, of course, procurable at all stores and chemists of standing at a small cost of 1s. 3d. a small pot, or 2s. 6d. a large one.

New Blouses and Jumpers.

A necessity always on the return from the holidays is a neat tailor-made and a few well-cut blouses and jumpers to wear with it. A firm one can depend upon for really well-cut garments is Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W.1. Their new models for autumn wear are now on view in their show-rooms, and, as usual, their distinctive and well-tailored air leaves nothing to be desired. Striped materials make many shirt blouses besides the popular jumper blouse, or over-shirt, as it has come to be called. A heavy, striped spun silk is used for the subject of our sketch, in two tones, and, as may be seen, the collar is of latest type and perfect fitting, and there are



The ravages of sun and sea will be effectively concealed if Pond's Vanishing Cream is used as a foundation to face powder. It is a perfectly harmless preparation.



A soft suede wristlet trimmed with steel beads, and with pouch to take puff or hanky, admirably compensates for the lack of pockets.

also has practicality to recommend it. Originating, no doubt, in Paris, it is now firmly established over here, and some of the latest interpretations in fine suede are things of real beauty. Every fashionable shade is, of course, represented, so that the rest of the toilet may be easily matched. It should provide a harmonising note, though a contrasting element is sometimes most attractive. A bright green wristlet, for instance, worn with an all-black toilette is most effective.

two pockets. For the rest, the sketch speaks for itself. Suffice it to say that the model is available in green, helio, rose, and saxe stripes at a price of 29s. 6d. The same small sum is also asked for a crêpe-de-Chine model of similar style, only with long roll-collar; while 49s. 6d. is the price placed upon a heavy crêpe-de-Chine affair with distinctive block stripes and "V"-shaped collar. Mention must be made, too, of some models in patterned woollen delaine that are going at the amazingly small sum of 21s. 9d.

A Practical Novelty.

An attractive novelty of the season is the narrow wristlet with tiny pouch to accommodate powder-puff or hanky. Besides attractiveness, it



To remove that "after the holiday" appearance from the hair, a course of massage and brushing will be found most beneficial.

The Advance Party

Has it ever occurred to the great army of holiday-makers who use the road that an Advance Party has prepared the way for them? In the van is the "BP" Distributing Organisation which enables you to obtain everywhere the famous khaki can. If you prefer the more up-to-date and expeditious method, you are sure to find a Bowser Pump near at hand ready to give you the same "Best Possible" Motor Spirit that you find in the khaki can.

"BP" has prepared the way—the Holiday Army is safe with:—

British Petroleum Co. Ltd.
22, FENCHURCH ST., LONDON E.C.3
Distributing Organization of the
ANGLO-PERSIAN
OIL CO.
LTD.

British Petrol



Peter and Judy

THE splendid health which these children enjoy is due to proper and adequate nourishment.

Growing children require more nourishment than can be extracted from the ordinary daily dietary. This is essential in order to replenish the depleted cells of the brain, nerves and body.

The parents of these bonnie children attribute their sound physical and mental development to the use of "Ovaltine" as their daily food beverage.

For "Ovaltine" is *all* nutriment—the concentrated nutriment extracted from those incomparable food gifts of Nature—rich creamy milk, fresh eggs, and ripe barley malt.

These essential food elements are correctly balanced in the proportions necessary for a growing child. Easy to digest and assimilate, "Ovaltine" also enables the system to extract more nourishment from other food. One cup of "Ovaltine" contains more nourishment than 7 cups of cocoa or 3 eggs.

Instead of tea or coffee give your children "Ovaltine" for breakfast and with their principal meals. Cheeks will become rosier, eyes brighter and limbs sturdier—signs of that health and vitality every child should enjoy.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Sold by all Chemists throughout the British Empire.
Prices in Great Britain, 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin.

A. WANDER, Ltd., 45, Cowcross Street, London, E.C. 1.

Works: King's Langley.

'OVALTINE' RUSKS

More appetising, easily digested and much more nourishing than ordinary rusks or biscuits.

Price 2/6 per tin.



'OVALTINE' CHOCOLATE

Children—and adults, too—will enjoy this most delicious and very nourishing food-sweet.

Price 1/3 per packet.

TOWARDS WORLD UNITY.—(Continued from page 350.)

the world has been gradually unified, by exploration, colonisation, emigration, wars, revolutions, commerce, diplomacy, railways, steam-boats, and telegraphy. Is



"THE CHIEF ARCHITECT" OF SOUTH AFRICAN UNION: THE STATUE OF GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA UNVEILED AT DURBAN.

This statue of General Botha was unveiled at Durban on July 14 by General Smuts, Premier of South Africa, in the presence of Prince Arthur of Connaught, Governor-General, the Princess, and Mrs. Botha. The Premier described General Botha as "the chief architect of the Union," and remarked how significant it was that the statue should have been erected by English-speaking residents of Durban within a mile of the spot where the first shot was fired in the century-long Anglo-Boer struggle. It was appropriate, he added, that the first monument to General Botha should have been set up in his native province.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

the hour about to strike when from that unification a civilisation will emerge of a universal character—the undivided soul of that immense unified body? A universal civilisation which would itself be founded on the purest and most elevated elements of the pre-existing civilisations—Christian morals, the industry and science of the West, the wisdom of Asia, the flower of European and Oriental art?

Our grandsons would then see something resembling that which the Roman subjects saw on the shores of the Mediterranean in the first and second centuries, but in what stupendous proportions! A unique civilisation whose directing principles would dominate the whole world. How small and petty would our disturbances and sufferings appear before the incomparable grandeur of this result, if ever humanity succeeded in attaining it. But will humanity, and especially Europe itself, have the strength to reach this goal? Where shall we be dispersed to if the hatred and terrors which to-day ravage the world are not the blind instruments of unifying force?

History lends itself with equal complacency to the forecast of optimism and pessimism. Epochs of troubles and disorders like that in which we live may announce either that a great unity is being made or a long, slow period of decomposition has been entered upon. The Roman peace and the common civilisation which unified the Mediterranean basin during the first centuries of our epoch were preceded by more than a hundred years of war and revolution in nearly all the future provinces of the Empire. On the other hand, the wars and revolutions of the third century prepared the final dismemberment and dislocation of the Roman Empire, the ruin of the western provinces, the long period of barbarism, in which the light of Europe was extinguished during so many centuries.

The answer of the Sibyls of History is therefore an ambiguous one. The fate of the generations in the day of Cæsar Augustus might be ours, or again that of the generations of Diocletian and Constantine. In order to see clearly into the future, it is necessary to know the true nature of those occult forces which are at work in the heart of the present disorder.

Only a prophet could divine to-day what those forces are, for there is a great obscurity in all the signs. It is, however, certain that the nature of those forces, and whether their action will have a unifying or dissolving effect, will depend on the élite who direct the great countries of Europe, America, and Asia. If the Roman peace was able to establish itself and give to so many people in the first century of our era a civilisation which had for them a universal character, it was because the élite of the Roman and Greek worlds desired it should be so. It was because they consented to the sacrifices of pride, and power, and riches, and hate, without which the destructive struggles of the preceding century would have continued until total extermination had been reached. Shall we be able to impose upon ourselves, will our children be ready to impose upon themselves in their turn, the necessary sacrifices which shall accomplish the unification of the world, at which humanity has been

labouring for four centuries without being aware of it? Shall we, like Neronian artists, destroy our work with one blow of the hammer, at the moment of its completion?

The future will tell us. The generations walk in the twilight. They work without ever really knowing what they are doing. No matter what fate awaits us, we ought to work with confidence and ardour, looking towards that unity of the world which has been for four centuries the unconscious and magnificent goal of so many generations. Perhaps we are near its attainment, perhaps it is about to escape us at the very moment when we thought to seize it. But in either eventuality the effort to attain it will always be the noblest task for the great peoples of the world and for the élite who direct them.



A BELGIAN WAR MEMORIAL UNVEILED BY KING ALBERT: THE MONUMENT TO THE DEFENDERS OF FORT LONCIN AT LIÈGE.

King Albert recently unveiled a memorial to the Belgian troops who defended Fort Loncin, at Liège, against the Germans in 1914. Among the Allied representatives present at the unveiling was Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Godley, commanding the British forces on the Rhine.—[Photograph by P. and A.]

Baby Jackson,
of Wembley.

Healthy Babyhood

BABY will make splendid progress on Mellin's Food. Possessing all the nourishing properties necessary for healthy growth, Mellin's Food is, next to Nature's Food, the best of all diets for baby from birth onward.

Mellin's Food

A perfectly balanced diet, easily digested and readily assimilated.

Write for Samples and descriptive booklet, sent post free on receipt of 6d. in stamps. Particulars of an interesting "Progress Book" will also be sent.

Mellin's Food, Ltd.,
London, S.E. 15

Baby Wade,
of Henfield



6 in.
£1 : 12 : 0

10 in.
£2 : 12 : 6

For every home

A delightful jardinière in brass or copper by William Soutter & Sons, Ltd., of Birmingham, craftsmen in art metal for over a hundred years. The Soutterware range includes electroliers, candlesticks, gongs, jardinières, electric irons, electric cookers, etc. The most up-to-date methods of production are employed, ensuring the highest class of workmanship and beauty of design.

TMC Soutterware

is obtainable from the leading stores, ironmongers and electricians.

Ask for it by name.

Advt. The Telephone Manufacturing Co., Ltd.
London Showrooms: 68, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W.1 (E.P.S. 87)

BUCHANAN'S



“BLACK & WHITE”

The Reputation of any firm is dependent on its being able to maintain

—————A FINE QUALITY—————

Quality can only be maintained by Age. To ensure Age it is necessary to hold large stocks. Messrs. James Buchanan & Co., Ltd., and their subsidiary Companies hold the largest stocks of fine old matured Whiskies. Their Policy is to bond considerably in excess of their yearly requirements. This enables them to guarantee the Age of their Brand, keep up their Fine Quality, and ensure their Great Reputation both at Home and Abroad.

RADIO NOTES.

BROADCAST entertainment is available for everyone, yet there remains a vast public without receiving-sets, and many have never even listened to a broadcast programme. Some of the public have not acquired receiving-sets owing to the notion that the cost is great. This may be so, at present, in regard to the installation of high-power sets in localities far distant from a broadcasting station, but in the case of homes situated twenty or thirty miles from a broadcasting centre, good reception may be obtained from a crystal set for a moderate outlay. A set of this type, complete with aerial wire, insulators, and telephones, ready for use directly the aerial is fixed up, may be obtained for less than five pounds. With an instrument of this kind, and a broadcast license costing ten shillings, the broadcast items may be listened to for a number of hours every day throughout the year, without any extra expense. After the first year's use, the only outlay for each subsequent year should be ten shillings for the annual license fee. If the owner of a crystal set should feel disposed later on to obtain more powerful reception, there is no need to discard the apparatus already in use, for by the addition of a one-valve amplifier joined by wires to the telephone terminals of the crystal set, and the telephones connected to the amplifier, broadcasts will come in very clear and loud. When purchasing a crystal set it should be selected from the stock of a radio manufacturer of repute. A well-made set bought at a fair price will give better service than a cheap, shoddy set which is almost certain to come to pieces after a few days' use. From a set with a good piece of crystal, good telephones, and a single-wire aerial thirty to seventy feet long, and about thirty feet high, excellent reception is obtained of speech, instrumental music, and songs. Broadcast transmissions are radiated with sufficient strength to work a crystal receiver joined to an indoor aerial in most homes within ten miles or so from the local broadcasting station. To get the best results with an indoor aerial, the wire should be fitted in an upper room—the higher the better. A length of ordinary electric bell-wire suspended all round the room near to the picture rail is all that is necessary for an indoor aerial. The beginning of the wire is not connected to the set, and should be twisted to the first hook, or other point of suspension in one corner of the room. The wire is run along each of the four walls, and held up at each corner by a small

hook, leaving sufficient wire to reach from the last corner down to the receiver. After scraping away the insulation for about two inches, the end of the wire is connected to the terminal marked "A," or "Aerial," on the receiver. From the terminal marked "E" or "Earth," another length of wire is run to



MILITARY USES OF BROADCASTING: A WIRELESS STATION ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS DURING THE ARMY MANŒUVRES.

The two men of the Signal Corps lying on the ground are "listening-in" with a radio receiving apparatus. An officer is standing by.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

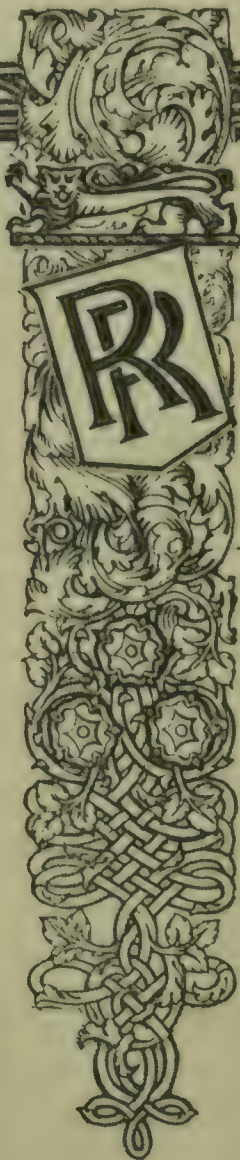
the nearest water-supply pipe, which should be scraped bright at the part where the wire is to be clamped. An indoor aerial of this kind has provided wonderful reception in an upper room seven miles from the

London Broadcasting station, enabling three people to hear with three pairs of telephones. In localities beyond the range of a crystal set, prospective listeners are advised to choose a two-valve broadcast receiver of first-class make, the first valve acting as a magnifier of the incoming radio waves, and the second valve working as the "detector" of the magnified waves. A good set of this type will receive most, and probably all, of the British broadcasts, and is easy to operate. The valves are lighted by electricity supplied from an accumulator, and after this current is switched on, the broadcasts become audible by turning one knob, or perhaps two, for "tuning-in" the station desired. The chief cost of upkeep of a valve set is that entailed by re-charging the accumulator, which is necessary about every two or three weeks. This may be done at home if electric light is installed, or at a cost of about 1s. 6d. if charged elsewhere.

In modern valve sets, the dry battery, which supplies the "plate" current, is fitted inside the receiver, and may require renewal at intervals of six to eight months, at the cost of about 12s. 6d. The valves should last for considerably more than a year, even with daily use. If it is necessary to handle them at any time, they should be treated with the greatest care, as a sudden shock or other vibration may break the filament.

Readers who are not experiencing the pleasures of listening to broadcasts are missing one of the greatest wonders of our time. Every day throughout the year, music, songs, lectures, time signals, weather reports, news bulletins, and many other matters of interest are transmitted through space from six centres in Great Britain, and the invisible waves that carry this entertainment and information may be intercepted by anyone in the possession of a receiving-set. There are many types of receiving-sets, at prices to suit everybody. Some occupy but little space on a table, whilst others are incorporated in a desk or cabinet designed to be in keeping with the furniture of any room. Another type of receiver is made in portable form, and may be used anywhere—in the home, in a motor-car whilst travelling, at the end of a journey, whilst boating on the river or on the Broads, or on a yacht at sea.—W. H. S.

In illustrating the recent bombing trials carried out on *H.M.S. Agamemnon*, in our issue of Aug. 11, we described that ship, incorrectly, as a battle-cruiser. It is in reality a battle-ship.



ROLLS-ROYCE

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD

An Expert Opinion

Lt.-Col. J. T. C. MOORE-BRABAZON, M.C., M.P.

writes concerning the

NEW 20 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE

"I WAS much impressed with the vehicle in every way. It is beautifully suspended and runs very silkily, it being the most charming car to drive it is possible to imagine."

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED

Telegrams:
"Rollhead, Piccy,
London."

15 Conduit Street,
London - - W.1.

Telephone:
Mayfair 6040.
(4 lines).

DUNLOP

The finest **TYRES** *in the world*
are British Made



Every British tyre you buy increases employment and helps to lessen the Nation's huge expenditure on out-of-work doles.

The
**DUNLOP
CORD**



DUNLOP CORDS

are made entirely in England. They are built on the best principles, from the finest materials obtainable—in no other way can the best results be achieved. Ask any Dunlop user what mileage he gets from his Dunlop Cords. Mileage is the strongest test of tyre value, and it is on mileage particularly that Dunlop Cords are supreme over all other tyres. They are British and best.

Dunlop tyres are sold at less than pre-war prices, and they will give, on the average, *double the mileage*. It is cost-per-mile that counts.

Dunlop Cord tyres are made in beaded-edge and straight-side types for the equipment of all cars, British and foreign.

fit be sure your tyres are British-
DUNLOP
and **BE SATISFIED**

DUNLOP CORDS ARE REDUCED

IN PRICE—ASK YOUR DEALER

DUNLOP RUBBER CO LTD BIRMINGHAM

& BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Accidents and Road Signs.

It is a perfectly natural consequence of the growth in the number of motor vehicles in use that there should be a corresponding increase in the tale of accidents. There must always be accidents

in ten thousand knows anything about them. Not that this matters a great deal, because the ordinary standard of good road manners is sufficient to keep the traveller clear of their penalties. There is no particular code of use which has become law more or less by custom. The sum of the knowledge possessed by the average person is no more than that he should ride or drive on the left-hand side of the roadway, pass overtaken vehicles on the right, and refrain from running down pedestrians, cattle, or horses.

There is no knowledge of how to behave when entering a main road from a secondary road, and, as the law seems to stand, there is really no standard. Not to labour the point, there is no recognised code, and it does not seem to be anybody's business to formulate one and make it into law. There is not even an adequate method in existence of sign-posting dangerpoints. The new signs of the Ministry of Transport are humorous, with their combination

of symbols and lettering, and they are, moreover, sown broadcast without any particular reference to whether they are essential or not.

The Cross-Roads Danger.

Now a very large proportion of accidents occur at cross-roads. They have always happened at these points. A dozen years ago attention was drawn to the danger and a serious warning given by one of the technical journals, the *Auto*, which, at the same time, prepared a simple and comprehensive scheme for classifying roads and marking crossings. It recommended that the onus of

avoiding accident should be placed upon the driver of the vehicle which was crossing or entering a main highway from a secondary road. It is eminently logical that traffic on the main highway should always have the right of way over traffic crossing or emerging from less important roads. Indeed, it is recognised as a custom that it should have such right; but then, it is not law, and no responsibility lies on either party to the accident. It is not so much that it is desired to throw blame by inference on either party, as to prevent accidents by introducing certainty into what is now chaos. Very often accidents happen because a driver on a secondary road does not know it is a main road he is approaching. In many other cases two main roads intersect, and neither carries right of way over the other. The Ministry of Transport ought, in carrying out its classification, to lay down clearly which has the right, and should sign-post the roads accordingly. Even if it did, so far as I am aware, no onus lies upon either driver involved in an accident. Liability has to be decided afterwards, though the strong probability is that, if the law had been there and the sign-posts erected, there would have been no

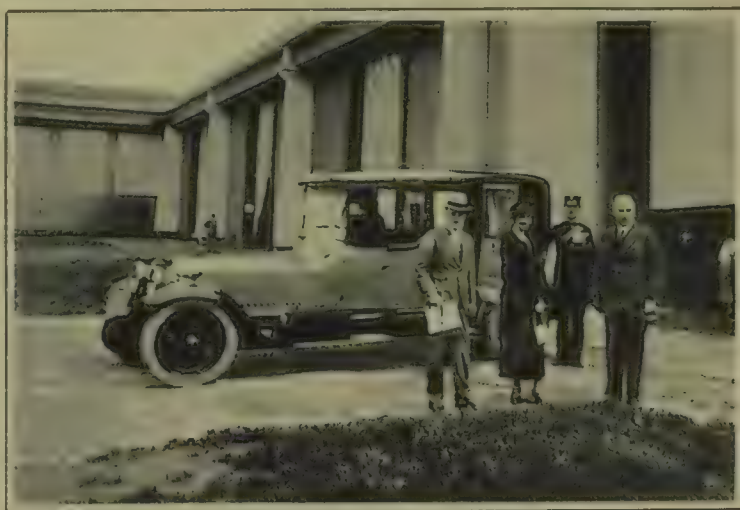
(Continued overleaf.)



MOTORING AT RANGOON: A 1916 H.P. CROSSLEY CAR BESIDE THE BEAUTIFUL VICTORIA LAKE.

arising out of the use of any type of moving machinery, but that is not an excuse for adopting the pose of a fatalist—which is one that seems to find favour with the authorities. Rather should a real effort be made to prevent as many accidents as possible, even though we know of a certainty that they cannot be eliminated altogether. It appears to be the fashion to deplore the increase and then to endeavour to fasten the responsibility upon the motorist, to threaten him with all sorts of enhanced pains and penalties, and to do anything rather than trouble to evolve such a scheme of road control or road marking as will assist to mitigate danger and decrease the number of accidents.

Highway law is chaotic. Except for the penal provisions of the Motor-Car Act and the Roads Act—both of which deal entirely with mechanically propelled traffic—which are fairly familiar to those they concern, nobody knows anything at all about the rights and wrongs of the highway-user. There are statutes in that case made and provided, but not one road-user



THE AIR MINISTER AND HIS ROLLS-ROYCE AT GOTHENBURG: SIR SAMUEL HOARE (LEFT) AND LADY MAUD HOARE.

Sir Samuel Hoare (British Air Minister) and his wife are here seen about to enter their Rolls-Royce in the grounds of the Swedish Aviation Exhibition at Gothenburg. On the right is Sir Henry White Smith, a former Chairman of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. Lady Maud Hoare is a sister of Earl Beauchamp.



BY APPOINTMENT

STRATTON-INSTONE LTD.

Daimler



21 h.p. 6-seated Landaulette-de-Luxe.
£1250

A luxurious model of the Highest Grade, distinctive alike in appearance, silence, comfort and road performance. Immediate delivery.

Daimler Landaulettes-de-Luxe are also available in the under-noted models. Inspection invited.

12 h.p.	4 seats	£910
16 h.p.	4 seats	£1040
30 h.p.	7 seats	£1625
45 h.p.	7 seats	£1900

Free delivery anywhere in Great Britain.

Write for descriptive catalogue to:

TELEPHONE
REGENT 933

27, PALL MALL
LONDON S.W. 1

TELEGRAMS
'STRATSTONE, LONDON'

During the trial of this 1916
Crossley Car the engine was
started 681 times.

25,000 Miles

R.A.C. OFFICIAL TEST

ROTAX

ELECTRIC LIGHTING & STARTING EQUIPMENT

THE SYSTEM THAT NEVER FAILED
THROUGHOUT THE SEVEREST
TRIAL EVER RECORDED

Think of it!

300 miles per day, 6 days per week, for over 3 months from January to April, equivalent to 4 years' normal running.

The starting handle was never used; the lights never failed except due to bulb fracture.

At the conclusion of the test the accumulator and all other parts of the equipment were in perfect order.

No such result (or even approximately the same) has ever been achieved by any other maker.

NO WONDER the Leading Car Manufacturers, such as DAIMLER, SUNBEAM, TALBOT, CROSSLEY, etc., fit this "Super-Reliable" equipment as standard.

This advertisement, in so far as it refers to R.A.C. official certified trials, has been approved by the R.A.C.

ROTAX (MOTOR ACCESSORIES) LTD.
ROTAX WORKS, WILLESDEN JUNC., LONDON, N.W. 10

Phone: Willesden 2480



B.L.
GOLD LABEL
Scotch Whisky

15/- per Bottle
Pre-War Quality &
Strength: 25 u.p.

A whisky of fine
character for the
occasions of old-
fashioned friendly
hospitality.

BULLOCH, LADE & COMPANY
GLASGOW *Sole Proprietor: Duncan MacLeod* *LONDON*

Continued. accident at all. Surely, out of the £15,000,000 the motorist will pay to the revenue this year, a quarter of a million could be spared to carry the *Auto* scheme into effect. I doubt if it would cost as much.

Number-Plate Illumination. The police in certain districts have been rather active recently in the matter of badly illuminated identification plates. It looks as though the darker months were likely to live up to this activity, and motorists therefore will do well to look to the adequacy of their rear lighting. The trouble is that there is no real standard of illumination. It all depends on the opinion of an individual policeman. A conference was held recently between the Home Office, the police authorities, and representatives of road transport to talk things over, and I understand one result is that motor-car lamp manufacturers are likely to overhaul their designs.

It must be admitted that most tail-lamps fall very short of the ideal as illuminators of the number-plate. For that the car-owner is hardly to blame, for he has to take the best the lamp-maker supplies. So far,

I have not been able to discover a lamp which will show up all the letters and numbers on a full-sized plate in the way I should want them shown if I were a policeman. There may be one, but I don't know it.

A Crossley 40-45-h.p. Chassis.

It is not generally known that Crossley Motors, Ltd., have been manufacturing, for some time, a 40-45-h.p. chassis. This chassis has been specially designed for use as a light high-speed commercial lorry, and successfully passed all War Office tests. A number of them have already been delivered to the War Office, and the vehicle has been approved by the War Office as a subsidy vehicle.

Cars for Officials. The motor-car has become so much a necessity of modern life that no surprise need be felt when one hears that this or that local body has decided to purchase motor vehicles for the use of its officials. Therefore, the fact that the Somerset County Council has voted the money to purchase cars for its Divisional Superintendents of Police, so far from being a subject for

criticism, is one for commendation. Obviously, a superior officer of constabulary must find his efficiency enhanced by the use of the car, and the King's peace can be better maintained by its aid. But why should a body like the Somerset C.C. spend public funds in the purchase of cheap American cars for its officers? Is there no unemployment in Somerset to drive home the lesson that British money should be spent on British productions, all other things being equal? For the purpose in view surely there are British cars which are as good as, even better than the Ford—the make decided upon.

W. W.

Under a portrait of Dr. F. B. Banting, the discoverer of Insulin, in our issue of July 21, we described him as being "of Montreal." Several Toronto correspondents have since written to say that the description is incorrect, and that Dr. Banting hails from their city. The President of the University of Toronto Alumni Federation, Mr. Angus MacMurchy, writes: "He is of the staff of the University of Toronto and a graduate thereof, and has never had any connection with Montreal."

It's Wise, when feeling Mopish or out of sorts



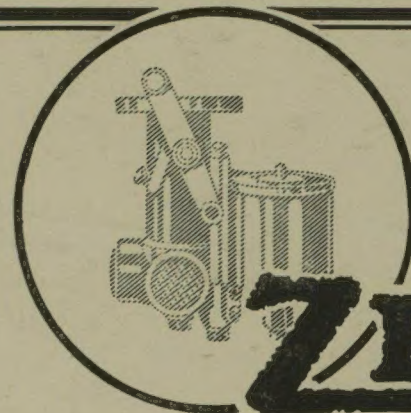
to take Beecham's Pills.

Mr. Edward Gray's
FOURTH WORLD TOUR
For Ladies & Gentlemen, leaves 26th Oct
Address—Australia House, Strand, W.C. 2.

THE BERKEFELD
Filter
SARDINIA HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C. 2.
FILTER

HIMROD'S
ASTHMA CURE
4s. 6d. a tin AT ALL CHEMISTS
Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc.
The Standard Remedy for Over 50 Years

Lt.-Col. RICHARDSON'S
AIREDALES
Specially Trained against
BURGLARS FOR LADIES' GUARDS
from 10 Gns. PUPS 5 Gns.
Wormley Hill, Broxbourne, Herts.
Telephone 52 Broxbourne
30 minutes from Liverpool Street



There are now
4,000,000
satisfied users of

ZENITH
CARBURETTERS

The Special Fitting Dept. in London is at the service of all Patrons.

who know that the "Zenith" does reduce petrol consumption, increases speed, gives greater power and flexibility. Have one fitted to your car on a month's trial. Send for Booklet 12.

ZENITH CARBURETTER CO., LTD.,
40-44, Newman Street, W.1.

Telephone Museum 4812, 4813.

Telegrams: Zenicarb, Phone, London.

Eiffel Tower Lemonade
TWO KINDS.
The Original 64d. Bottle makes 2 gallons (requires 1-lb. sugar).
Sweetened. (No sugar required). 10d. Tin (makes 25 glasses). Ready to Drink.

SOUTHERN-RAILWAY
L.S.W.R. L.B. & S.C.R. S.E. & C.R.

THE GOLDEN SANDS OF PICARDY
BOULOGNE CALAIS WIMEREUX HARDELOT ETAPLES MALO-LES-BAINS MONTREUIL-SUR-MER DUNKIRK PARIS-PLAGE LE TOUQUET
Travel via Dover or Folkestone to Calais or Boulogne. Illustrated Guide 1/-.

PICTURESQUE NORMANDY
DIEPPE LE TREPOT and MER-LES-BAINS FORGES-LES-EAUX ETRETAT LE HAVRE ROUEN ST. VALERY EN CAUX POURCEVILLE DEAUVILLE CAEN CHERBOURG
Travel via Newhaven-Dieppe or Southampton-Cherbourg Routes. Illustrated Guide 1/3 post free.

ROMANTIC BRITTANY
ST. MALO PARAME DINAN RENNES DINARD ST. BRIEUC MORLAIX LANDERNEAU BREST QUIMPER ST. NAZAIRE NANTES
Travel via Southampton-St. Malo or Newhaven-Dieppe. Illustrated Guide 9d. post free.

THE SUN-KISSED SHORE OF BELGIUM
OSTEND BLANKENBERGHE HEYST KNOCKE ZEEBRUGGE LE ZOOTE
Travel via Dover-Ostend. Illustrated Guide Free.

WALCHEREN, THE GARDEN OF HOLLAND
FLUSHING DOMBURG Middelburg VEERE
Travel via Folkestone-Flushing.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS
JERSEY GUERNSEY
Travel via Southampton (Daily Service).
For full particulars apply Continental Traffic Dept., Victoria Station, S.W. 1, or at the Enquiry Office, Victoria or Waterloo Stations.

With an Indelible Smile — or

Golf is a tantalising game. One can start off in the best of spirits and be picked up a total wreck near the tenth hole, or emerge triumphantly from a pall of gloom and travel home with an indelible smile.

It depends on.....what?—all sorts of odds and ends of reasons—the mood, weather, turf, company, and particularly a "WHY NOT" BALL.

The 1923 WHY+NOT
THE BALL WITH THE PLUS MARK

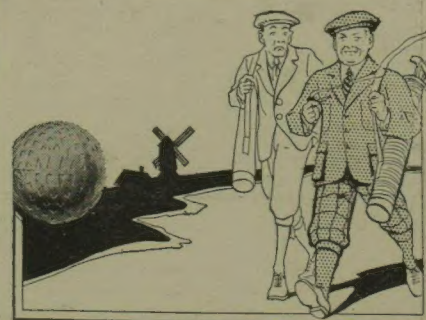
The Green Cross "WHY NOT" is slightly larger than the Red Cross "WHY NOT," and slightly harder wound.

The weight and size of all "WHY NOT" Golf Balls is guaranteed within regulation requirements.

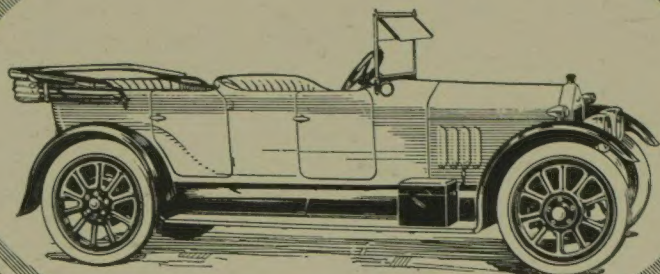
Sold by all Professionals and Sports Goods Dealers—price 2/6 each.

Manufactured by
HENLEY'S TYRE & RUBBER CO., LTD.
20/22, Christopher St., Finsbury Square, LONDON, E.C.2

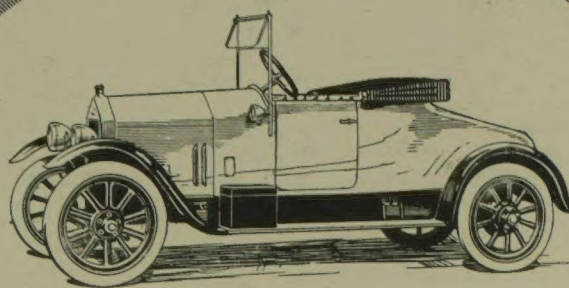
Phones: London W. 3886 and 5394
Wire: "Helenwood, Finsbury, London."



Foster Clark's
It's the Creamiest Custard



FOURTEEN TOURING CAR



TEN TWO SEATER DE LUXE.

The

WOLSELEY

PROGRAMME FOR 1924 SEASON.

The Wolseley TEN

Two-seater	£250
Four-seater	£299
Two-seater de Luxe	£325
Four-seater de Luxe	£375
Sporting Model	£495

The Wolseley FOURTEEN

Touring Car	£475
Two-seater	£495
Saloon	£695
Single Landaulette	£695

The Wolseley SEVEN

Two-Seater	£199
-------------------	------

The Wolseley TWENTY

Touring Car	£1045
Sporting Model	£1045
Landaulette	£1275
Four-seater Coupé	£1250
Limousine	£1300
Saloon Limousine	£1375

The Wolseley FIFTEEN

Five-seater Touring Car	£745
Two-seater Touring Car	£745
Seven-Seater Touring Car	£845
Saloon—to seat four	£895
Four-seater Coupé	£975
Limousine-Landaulette	£1050

The Wolseley 24/30

Touring Landaulette	£1450
Town Landaulette	£1500

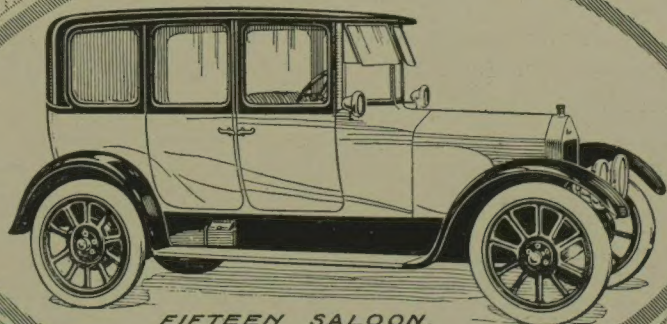
The above prices rule from August 15th, 1923.

Write for our New Catalogue No. 20, post free.

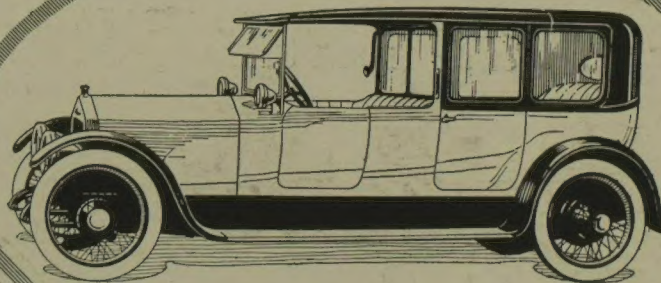
WOLSELEY MOTORS LIMITED, Adderley Park, BIRMINGHAM.
(Proprietors—Vickers Limited).

London Showrooms: **WOLSELEY HOUSE, 157, Piccadilly, W.**

Dunlop Tyres fitted as standard.



FIFTEEN SALOON.



TWENTY LANDAULETTE.

Prince Charming
in History Series
No. 2



EDWARD, Prince of Wales, son of Edward III., known as the "BLACK PRINCE." Born 1330, died 1376. Distinguished himself in the Wars with France at an early age, being only 16 at Crecy, where he led an English Division. He won a brilliant victory at Poitiers in 1356, taking prisoner the French King, John. In 1363 he took the title "Duke of Aquitaine," and settled at Bordeaux. During fresh outbreak of hostilities with France, in which he captured Limoges, his health broke down, and he returned to England in 1371; to die five years later at Westminster.



"Perfect in every detail."

Hand made, boxed and foiled 25 for 2/-, 50 for 4/-
or in the popular size and packets
10 for 6d, 20 for 1/-, 50 for 2/6, (Vacuum tins), & 100 for 5/-

On sale everywhere, all over the World.

Manufactured by MOUSTAFA Ltd., 165, PICCADILLY, London, W.1., Manufacturers of the highest class Virginian, (Private Seal: American No. 1.) Russian, Turkish, and Egyptian Cigarettes.

MOUSTAFA
Prince Charming
Straight Cut CIGARETTES